

*Voices
from Home
An Inner Journey
Anne Francis*

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Voices from Home

Anne Francis—with sincerity, honesty and clarity—vividly demonstrates that it is safe to let others see you as you really are, when you know that what you really are is Love, and that your only director is God.

This book about personal and spiritual transformation is a witness to the truth that as we release the fearful past, we can experience ourselves as Love and join as one.

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GO OF FEAR.

Voices from Home

AN INNER JOURNEY

Anne Francis

Drawings by Chris Nickens

CELESTIAL ARTS
MILLBRAE, CALIFORNIA

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Marina Gregory, Eleanor Holmgren, Maggi Rich and Liam Sullivan for their loving assistance; to Dr. Gerald Jampolsky for introducing me and my book to this publisher; to Mom for deciding to serve another hitch on this planet after Dad made his transition; and to my beloved daughters, Jane and Maggie, in whom Love's future lies.

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Introduction

A SEED STARTS IN DARKNESS and is warmed by the light as it grows upward. A silent underground struggle takes place as the seed works against the friction of earth and stone and other roots. Insistently and without question the seedling does its work, unfolding in the manner of its own beingness. Encased in a womb of blackness it is ever warmed by the light, and the light cells of itself respond in glorious green energy. It winds and turns and twists itself upward in whatever manner its livingness deems necessary to reach the surface of the ground to burst forth triumphantly, to face at last the light it has sought. Its seedling leaves will now give way to new leaves that will bear the mark of its species. It is ready to grow and blossom and bear the fruit of its kind.

The secret of the seed was enfolded in the darkness, and all its needs were right where it was. The desire to grow was built in. It did not intellectualize about its underground struggle, or look around to see whether other seeds were having a better or worse time of it. The fact that it lived was proof it was in the right place.

Let us assume that we are in the right place, and that all we need for our growth is here in our environment now. Each of us must follow the

seed of our being. At times there is a struggle in darkness as we dream fitful dreams; but I am convinced we are created to grow toward the light, that that is our destiny. Once we reach it, we will take on a new identity and our lives will begin to bear the fruit of spiritual maturity.

He who believes in the reality of darkness lives in that darkness until the inevitable spark of himself suddenly takes hold. A glimmer, a gleam, enters his eye and, for the first time, he realizes he may be in this world, but not necessarily of it. He finds that the yearning and struggling of himself was not for worldly things, but for the Home of himself. Accumulation of "things" could never be enough. How rich is worldly rich? Never enough if that is the goal. Spirit is infinite, and it is Life's intent to give of Itself to Itself. The giver, the receiver, and the gift all come from the same Source.

Once anyone has been warmed by the light, his awakening begins. He starts to come into his own authority, and no one need tell him of the Spirit. He has felt it in his own special way. He knows he is on his way Home. He can never again completely return to that darkness which seemed to imprison him. Though other roots may seem to bind him in the underground struggle for survival, he is on his way. The warmth of the light pulls him everlastingly upward into the supreme being of himself of which he was once only the seed.

This book is an account of some of my own underground struggles as my environment, both hostile and friendly, nurtured and prodded me on in my seeking of the Light. The seed of each of us takes different form as we, millions of fragments of the One, respond to Its warmth. Though our experiences be different, I salute you in that Oneness that embraces us all.

AMNESIA

*Don't listen to the World my friend.
It's false, and here's its theme. . .
That evil is reality
And good is just a dream.*

*Don't listen to the lies of men
Whose hearts have lost the Light.
They suffer from amnesia
And in emptiness they fight.*

Coming In

THE COMING IN TO THIS PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION of humanness is beyond comprehending. Life brings us in, and my memory is sparse except for a few flashes of the reality of myself.

I remember a place of bright, shining beings, and unspeakable joy and love. Beloved ones were all around me, and in the midst of this ecstatic state came the realization that I must leave for a time. The thought of it was dreadful. No one said I must do it immediately, but I knew that all were in gentle agreement that sooner or later I would have to depart this bliss, and the choice of when was mine. Making that choice was excruciating. I felt the silver threads of love which joined us being stretched like an invaded web as I was being drawn away from my Home down what seemed to be a huge marble staircase. Why I was leaving, and what I must do, I didn't know. The wrenching pain of departure was too deep to fathom.

Next, I found myself hovering over a country road with fences and fields shimmering in the summer sun. An old truck was bumping along the road. In the back were a few young men laughing and singing. My attention rested on a handsome fellow wearing khaki-colored pants and

shirt. His skin was golden and his hair a light brown. He had the loveliest smile as he sang along with the rest. A woman's voice off to the right of me said, "He will be your father."

There follows a void; my next memory being the restraint of tight blankets binding my infant body and the yearning to be free and floating once more. Now that I was in "Time" that yearning would surface often in years to come, but even in the midst of worldly trials, I have known that that place from whence I have come is still there. That knowledge is part of why I am here on this planet: To realize more and more while in this physical form that heaven rests a silver thread away.

God's Image

A FLASH OF AWARENESS of the living Eternal Mind came to me one day as a little girl waiting outside the country store for my father. I was sitting in the rumble seat of the family car. There was a wooden crate on the sidewalk that was filled with baby chicks and I became fascinated as I watched the endearing fluffy creatures, perky and bright-eyed and all golden and new. Suddenly I was aware that the baby chicks and I had something in common. The same life was flowing through us all! They and I were being motivated by the same mysterious invisible “something” that was making them “cheep cheep” as they walked about and pecked at the floor of the box; It was not an intellectual understanding. It was a feeling. There was “something” that knew exactly what a chicken was supposed to be and *was* the chicken, but, at the same time, that “something” was being me too! It was being all of us at the same time. I did not understand at the time that my thinking about it was all that differentiated me from the chick. That “all” was *everything* as far as my being was concerned. That which had created the chickens and was moving as them, yet was seeing the chickens through me, was imaging me even as I contemplated the chicks.



One difference between *homo sapiens* and all else on this planet is that we have the ability to create in the midst of this invisible substance made manifest all around us. Einstein states “Matter is energy reduced to the point of visibility.” “Something” thought us into this visibility. Our parents didn’t. The seed, the pattern of us, was not created by our parents. We physically came through them, but *they* did not give us life. We, our parents and their parents before them, came into this world out of a source far more complex than even its biological process, which is mind-boggling in its own right. Though I have given birth, I still don’t understand the miracle of it.

We are told we are made in God’s image, but man has spent most of his time trying to image what he calls “God.” It is an impossible feat. We cannot possibly image that of which we are a part; the canvas cannot image the artist, nor the cake the baker. Though the stamp of my individuality be coded in every cell of my body, still my big toe could not image me. Though I see through my eyes, my physical eyes cannot see me. Even the mirror does not reflect me. It reflects what I “see” myself to be, and my own judgments are what I see.

Man reflects the life around him according to his own judgments of himself and proceeds from there. He considers himself a creator, but creation is done through him. We give birth to young and call them “our children.” We build homes and speak of “our land.” In truth, there is not one thing we will ever own on this planet, no matter how many proofs of purchase we may have in our files. Life doesn’t own anything. Life is. Life gives of Itself to Itself.

It is my belief that we must stop trying to create “God.” We have not done a masterful job of it. Heaven knows the warring over religious concepts has been un-Godly.

Perhaps it might be wise to stay away from mirrors, judgments, and all other worldly concepts for a while, and just consider the breath of life that moves through us. Hands off! Let the Imager image you!

Eyes To See

WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD, I nearly drowned. That was my first brush “this time around” with immortality. What a blessing! I did not truly understand the immensity of the experience until many years later.

This baptism, so to speak, took place on a beautiful summer’s day in upstate New York where we lived at the time. Mom and I had packed a picnic lunch and joined friends at a lovely little lake nearby to enjoy an afternoon of relative coolness. I didn’t know how to swim yet, so I accompanied others of my age who were splashing and frolicking close to the wooded shore where the mothers took turns watching over their charges.

As I remember, we were throwing a ball back and forth and I must have over-reached for a catch. Suddenly I was in a timelessness, enveloped in a gorgeous translucent blanket of green. A serenity filled my being as I began to see the most magnificent colors drifting toward me, and, with them, music that is indescribable. No, it wasn’t harps, though I can understand heavenly music being compared to that delicate sound. Each note was distinct, yet heightened and quickened and not of

the scale to which we are humanly accustomed. It was an absolutely thrilling sound. I was not just listening to that music, I was being it! As for the colors, I and they were one as well. Those colors were my eyes, and never have I seen more brilliantly. I lay on the lake floor with a joyous feeling of release, of truly being “at Home” and perfectly content to stay “there” forever. I had no fear, for my young mind had not yet been taught about mortality; little ones are protected from the “reality” of birth and death. I was living bliss.

Quite cruelly it was over! Strong hands snatched me from the lake bottom. I was aware of grownup knees and thighs and an orange bathing suit, and then great pain. I was back in “Time” and the ensuing moments were filled with body-wracked choking and the coughing-up of water. I lay on the ground gasping for breath, furious that I had been taken from such ecstasy to undergo this horrendous indignity. My cries were from frustration, not the pain.

My mother was horror-stricken and later when I ran to greet my father at suppertime to tell him all the news of my exciting adventure, she stopped me. The subject was closed. I couldn’t tell them about my colors and music. I understand now, but couldn’t then. My mother had lost three sons before I was born, and that afternoon’s occurrence was one on which she did not wish to dwell.

That experience is as vivid today as it was to me those many years ago. It remains a deep and abiding reality in the very center of my being. The music has returned to me once since that day. It was just recently as I lay resting only a step from sleep’s door. It came softly at first, then built slowly in a crescendo, tumbling over itself like a waterfall, and out of it came a woman’s voice which said “Hearing is music.” I surfaced gently from this state into wakefulness, and the music segued into the voice of my older daughter, Jane, singing in the next room. The message had been so beautifully declared. “Hearing is music.”

We have an inner eye and an inner ear of spirit that are far greater and far more real than anything that exists on this physical plane. I stress Dr. Einstein's statement "Matter is energy reduced to the point of visibility," because I believe it is an important key to our spiritual understanding, and we must begin to know it in a personal way. A certain part of us is visible in the physical sense. The pattern of us, our spiritual identity, lies deep in the energies reaching far into the infinite, held by that Knowing Source which has imaged us into being. We must accept that source as our Master if we are to bear the fruit of Its intent.

Those colors and that music were not of the physical world; what we call "this world." There is nothing in the physical realm that approaches what I saw and heard. That experience came from the true depths of my being, or the Creator's Being; a tantalizing taste of Reality. What some call a mystical experience is truly the Reality of our being—a momentary waking from this worldly dream. There is a pattern of inner seeing and hearing of far higher intensity than we can even contemplate. It is above our every day experience of mortality.

The Teacher Within has far greater wisdom than any man of this world. Each one of us has an inner space that is inviolable. Many answers to our questions reside there, if we will have the eyes to see and the ears to hear.

The Move

MY EARLY YEARS in the upstate New York countryside were relatively quiet ones. All living things filled me with wonder. I believed in elves and fairies; I even apologized to the furniture when I bumped into it. My first encounter with violence was in school when a little girl hit me. What the provocation was, I don't remember. I told my father about the incident, and when I went to bed that night he insisted I practice self-defense by slapping his face. I was shocked that he make such a request, he was such a gentle person. However, it was important to him that I learn to fight back. It was a frightful experience bringing myself to strike his dear face, but he would not leave my room until, through my tears, the deed was done.

There was a quality about my father that all who met him respected. Though he was a gentle man, his physical strength was most impressive and I never knew anyone to bully him. He did not flaunt that strength. One just knew not to cross him. Two actors with whom I have worked had that same quality—they were James Cagney and Robert Ryan.

It wasn't until many years later that I realized I had absorbed my father's fearlessness when confronted with immediate danger. Some-

thing in me took hold and I stood my ground. There are two specific occasions which I remember vividly. Once, at a restaurant near MGM, I stepped between a stuntman and someone who looked most threatening. I found out later the person was carrying a gun. The other time was when I was followed down many steps to the large garage in the building next to the Ahmanson theatre where I was performing. It was late at night and no one else was around. Halfway down the last flight of stairs my instinct told me to stop and face the threat. I did so, with familiar calm. The man and I stared at each other for what seemed an interminable length of time. I had no idea what I was going to do. I just knew that if he made a move toward me he would go sailing down the steps with my assistance, and that I would not be the only one hurt. Finally he spoke, and asked me if he had frightened me. I answered honestly, "No." He turned around and went back up the stairs from whence he had come, and I went to my car. If someone had told me beforehand that I was going to face such an incident that night I probably would have spent a great deal of time in fearful anticipation. However, there is that which does protect us, which gives us strength when we need it and does guide us to right action. If I had been frightened, the man would have instinctively felt it and the outcome could have been quite different.

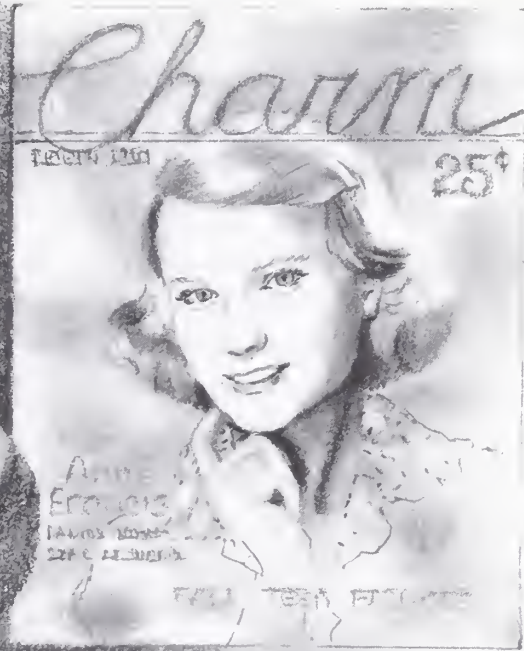
A bully doesn't want to be hurt. He would rather find someone who is not a threat to him. Developing an inner conviction that we are protected and guided is one of our most important works while here. We can do it, but not in dwelling on the news of the day with all its horrendous details of destruction. We need not absorb the anger, fear, and morbid actions of others. Rather, we can spend our waking hours in contemplation of truth and beauty and the wonders of this universe.

My grandmother took me on nature walks. The fields and brooks of the country were filled with beautiful living things and I delighted in the play of life which greeted me everywhere. I especially thrilled to the multicolored coats of the caterpillars.

Mine was a barefoot life, family dog at my side, and whenever I was hungry, vegetables from Mom's carefully tended garden. At the age of seven, all that was changed. Dad's business failed. We moved to Manhattan, and he became a salesman in Macy's basement. A friend had suggested I might make a good child model so Mom took me to the John Robert Powers modelling agency. Mr. Powers just happened to be there when we walked in. He stuck his head around the corner of his office door and, pointing to me, said, "I'll take that one." As simple as that, the barefoot girl became a child model. With black patent leather shoes, hair in ribboned braids, I joined the ranks of the other professional children in an adult's world of the market place. There were no fuzzy caterpillars on the New York streets, or on the fire escape playground which I shared with a little Chinese girl who lived next door. I was thrown into the life of professionalism and the judgments thereof. Rejection was at many a turn. The bewilderment of working in a competitive market was not easy for me, as I was an uncompetitive person. The "Father Within" was preparing me early to recognize the wiles of the world.

Though I was far from living a normal child's life, there were many compensations. I met and worked with many celebrities, Eleanor Roosevelt and Mayor La Guardia among them. I was familiar with every ethnic group and knew nothing of bigotry until I was eighteen when someone of whom I was most fond made a slur against the black race. I was stunned, but quite convinced he didn't mean what he was saying. When I realized he was serious I didn't see him anymore; I didn't know how to cope with that kind of thinking.

I worked in children's radio on NBC and CBS. "Coast to Coast on a Bus" and "Let's Pretend." Then I graduated into soap operas and played a lead as the daughter of one of the characters on "When a Girl Marries." My introduction to theatre was with Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark" on Broadway. I played Miss Lawrence as a child and worked in a number of the dream sequences.



Though I loved my parents and grandmother with whom I shared a three-room flat on the West Side, I was an only, lonely child. I really didn't understand the business and felt quite alien to all that was going on around me. Many of the children in the professional school I attended seemed to take to it like a duck to water. I suffered stomach cramps when faced with pressure. I lived in a dream world a large part of the time. Perhaps it was my way of coping with worldly behavior, but I consider it a saving grace now that I look back. I romanticized people. Though I have been hurt by many whom I have loved, I have always believed that there is some mystical beautiful pattern behind everything that makes it all all right. As a child I felt there was a Presence walking beside me. I could not define who or what it was, but then no one asked me about such things. I still believe in that Presence.

I remember when I was about eleven, I was in bed with strep throat (a common occurrence when I was a child) and my Aunt Nan came to visit me. As we were talking I suddenly felt a tingling sensation all through my body; my bed and pillow were like a fluffy cloud and I was most euphoric. Within a few hours after she left I was completely well. I did not connect her visit with my healing until some years later when I became a student of metaphysics, learning about mental treatment for healing. I asked Aunt Nan if she knew anything about the Science of Mind, and she said yes, that she had been a student for a long time. I then recounted to her the incident of many years before and she was delighted to learn of her extremely successful "demonstration."

My faith in the unseen has never left me. I have always believed that good triumphs over evil, and that the only reason people "drop out" of this life is because they are not able to realize there is another chapter to their story if they can muster the strength to hold on. Granted, it is not always easy when we find ourselves in difficult circumstances, but if we can come to know there is a co-author, a definite Presence here to guide us, we will have glimpses of a glorious Kingdom. These glimpses give us

the faith to travel on. Flex your imagination, the greatest gift given to those of us on this planet. Use it to envision the most beautiful things possible. Imagination (imaging) is the start of all that is created.

Kiss a Frog

WELL, NOT REALLY! You don't have to kiss a frog to enter the Kingdom of your dreams, though the faith of the princess that there was a prince underneath all that green bumpy exterior was surely a test of that young maiden's confidence.

The pure faith of the princess really paid off, for that ugly creature was magically turned into a beautiful being and she was whisked off to the kingdom of her dreams to live happily ever after. Her faith, not wishful thinking, delivered her to that kingdom.

The handsome prince had been called into action by her pure faith to come in search of her. For every action there is an equivalent reaction. The handsome prince acts and the princess of pure faith is acted upon. Though her faith has been tested, she comes through with flying colors for she knows not to judge by appearances. Because she possesses this knowledge, the creature is transformed before her very eyes into the glorious one who sought her at the same time that she was seeking him.

As a child, I envisioned the prince's kingdom filled with shimmering benevolent beings. Sunshine and rainbows and mist were on the mountains. There were castles with spires disappearing into the clouds.

There was much beautiful music like that I had heard when I nearly drowned, and joyous ones were serving each other in a place of no wants for there was incredible abundance. There were story tellers of great wisdom enlightening each other with their enchanting tales. Love abounded, and everyone was beautiful and kind.

Naturally, whenever I heard the story I imagined myself to be the princess. I knew how the story was going to end so I was quite willing to kiss the frog in my imagination. As the princess, if anyone would have ridiculed me for such an action it wouldn't have bothered me in the least, for soon they would see me being embraced by my heart's desire who would carry me off on his white charger to a place of endless joy. What might seem a demeaning action would be immediately rewarded. I would be lauded for my bravery, and every other maiden in the village would start running around looking for frogs to kiss. Only their frogs wouldn't turn into princes because they had not been motivated by purity of faith as I had been. I was very self-righteous about that. I was chosen to be tested because the prince was miraculously aware of my attributes.

In the last few years I have realized that in that story there is a truth for everyone—that all is transformed by faith and love. I know that each of us has the ability to reach the kingdom, and that all of us will be included when we recognize the gift we have always had—a gift often put down by the world, a gift often misused by us—imagination! We have read in the Bible, “That which I have feared the most has come upon me. . .” We can truthfully say, “that which I have loved the most has come upon me.” Those thoughts and feelings on which we dwell are food for our subconscious and will pop up some day either to haunt us or bless us.

My remembrance of coming in convinces me that we all have come from a glorious Kingdom. In this experience of humanness we momentarily lose our identity. Deep within, in spite of the mass subconscious of

human experience, the Kingdom of serenity calls to us. If we will take the time to quietly contemplate this serenity, with practice we will have flashes of our true identity, unmasked and defrocked of the human roles we have assumed. When this happens we are then able to look at others from a different perspective. We see that they may not really wish to be the grim authors of the tales they are telling, but are momentarily lost in the black forest of confusion, hoodwinked by the lies of this world.

Yes, the prince, princess and the Kingdom reside within each one of us, and we are our own storytellers. We must go within ourselves and imagine the perfection of the Kingdom to the greatest detail.

Now, let's go ahead and "kiss the frog." Let us pour out our love upon the ugly, bumpy situations we may see before us. The reality of the Kingdom changes all things. When we reach it, many who are there will look most familiar. Some who once seemed beasts will have been miraculously changed into benevolent ones. How strange that they had once appeared to us as otherwise. Is it possible that they had been sent to test our faith?

This is your story. Tell me, who conjured up that frog in the first place?

The Quest

WHEN I WAS TWELVE we moved to Forest Hills, Long Island, to an apartment near the subway. There were trees and fields and I was allowed to have a dog once more, a little cocker spaniel whom I adored. He was my constant companion when I was not commuting to the city for modelling and radio jobs. I did not have many friends my age. Most were adults, or my cousins who lived in Rego Park a couple of miles away. I had a tutor at this point who kept me up with the New York educational requirements. I enjoyed my studies, especially English and writing.

My studies in science and the seeming laws back of physical manifestations fascinated me. I was in awe of life's workings which led me to feel a need for a religion that could give me some answers about my own workings. My grandmother had introduced me to the Psalms and to Saint Matthew's account of the life of Jesus, and I had gone to Quaker meeting house with her a few times.

I started to explore other churches, and found that the demeanor of the minister was what influenced me the most. I responded to the warmth and friendliness of a committed man of the cloth, but knew I

could not adhere to various dogmas that went along with the specific teachings. I believed surely I would be able to have all of the answers if I could just count on some basic governing laws that would enable me to keep communication open to that loving Presence that had enveloped me on numerous occasions.

At sixteen, my Aunt Liz and Uncle Dee, who lived in Manhattan, introduced me to what is called "New Thought," a philosophical religious concept born out of New England about a hundred years ago. Quickened by the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau and Phineas Quimby, these teachings are embraced by many churches today: Church of Religious Science, Unity, Divine Science, and Church of Truth, among others. Many blithely call it "Positive Thinking" in our more modern vernacular. There are a great many "orthodox" churches and evangelical teachers espousing some of the principles today.

I went to the lectures of Raymond Charles Barker and began studying the writings of Ernest Holmes, who was a brilliant interpreter of the scientific laws behind the Christian teachings. I came to realize that man is not a weak creature buffeted about by random circumstances and opposing powers, but a co-creator, capable of changing his environment by changing his thinking and his beliefs; that his thoughts moving through energy are made manifest in his worldly affairs. This philosophy suited my inquiring nature but put the responsibility for my spiritual growth squarely on my own shoulders. I had to actively live the Sermon on the Mount if I were to change myself or my environment. I understood that the statement, "It is done unto you according to your belief" was an immutable fact, and one that no psychiatrist would argue in today's scientific concepts.

Ernest Holmes had said, "What you speak is the law unto the thing spoken regardless of what conditions exist." I believed the teachings of Jesus Christ to be a blueprint for mankind to emulate. I believed we were given dominion over our world as stated in Genesis, and that our

word, or man's word, creates our environment, just as our Creator's word (or thought) created us.

We can understand these laws only at the conscious level we have attained in our place of human development. I was still in my teens working in a materialistic milieu. As neophytes in a teaching, I experienced many almost instantaneous results. Warts disappeared from my fingers after I visualized them gone (judge not by appearances). When I went for a job interview I "believed" I was already working, that I didn't need the job for which I was applying, and many acting assignments came in quick succession. My peers were astounded with my "luck," but try as I might to share my formula, my talk fell on deaf ears. Such an explanation seemed absurd to most. I was the only teenager going to those lectures in New York at that time.

Success was what I was "treating" for. "Treatment" is a practice I learned from my metaphysical studies. It consists of five steps.

1. *Recognition.* Describe the nature of God. Name all the synonyms and think of all the attributes you know. Beauty, Truth, Joy, Peace, Harmony, Love.
2. *Unification.* Think of yourself as a spiritual being. Unify yourself with God, as part of God, with all those attributes.
3. *Realization.* State that which you desire and know that it is so now in Mind. You treat your own consciousness, which is a part of God-Consciousness, to lift it to the realization of the perfect pattern of the thing you desire.
4. *Thanksgiving.* Accept this thing you desire as being already accomplished and give thanks that it is so now.

5. *Release.* Release it. Let go. Let it be done.

There is a wise metaphysical saying. “Be careful what you treat for. You might get it!”

Success

ONE DAY I WALKED INTO A BROADWAY OFFICE to see if there was a role for me in a film that was in casting preliminaries. As I stepped out of the elevator I realized I had already been there a month or so before and had left pictures. I was turning to leave when Paul Henried, the star of the film, peered around the door and beckoned me in. He and the director asked me to read a scene for them. They liked me, screen-tested me that afternoon, and I was cast in the plum role of the teenage prostitute with a baby in a movie called "So Young, So Bad." It was the first film break for Rita Moreno and Anne Jackson, as well as for me, and we really earned our scale pay. The film was shot on location all over New York City in sweltering heat with few amenities. There were rough dramatic scenes that often became improvisations on the run, realistic tussles and water hosing, and a slapping scene with Catherine McCleod that left me unable to lift my head from the pillow the next day. The director was intent upon realism. One part of that "realism" I detested. He insisted that I wear falsies, and made the wardrobe woman sew buttons on the tips so I would look sexy when the water hosing took place and drenched me from head to toe. That was my first taste of some of the indignities of the world of film making.

Anne Jackson and others with whom I had worked were going to the Actor's Studio. My interest was aroused and I felt that I might be ready for the discipline that had trained so many fine performers in the theatre. I had done well in live TV in productions of those days, "Lights Out," "Climax," "Kraft Theatre," "Studio One," etc. I had done some summer stock, but nothing on Broadway since I was a child, and theatre was considered the actor's greatest challenge.

I applied for an audition with the Actor's Studio at the same time the film was released. I never got to that audition. Darryl Zanuck, who was head of Twentieth Century-Fox, ran the picture and offered me a contract with that studio. As strange as it may sound, I didn't want to go to Hollywood. New York and Hollywood actors were then more than the logistical miles apart in work attitude. Hollywood was frightening and alien to me. I had had a brief experience earlier in my life when I went to MGM for a year and spent the whole time in the schoolhouse on the lot with Liz Taylor, Dean Stockwell, Natalie Wood, and others who were being "groomed." That "grooming" for me had amounted to two days work on a film called "Summer Holiday," with Mickey Rooney. I couldn't wait to get back to New York.

Now, several years later, family and the pressures of "business heads" worked against my wishes and off I went to Beverly Hills, a victim of my own success. Mom went with me to the New World.

My very first assignment was in a picture for which I felt most unsuited—the movie version of Kenneth Robert's best seller, *Lydia Bailey*, opposite Dale Robertson, a handsome young Oklahoman who was considered quite the heartthrob. Dale was an easy-going country boy who seemed to take the Hollywood scene completely in his stride. I was unbearably homesick and was frightened by the prospect of a seven-year stretch during which I would have no say in my career. I felt no great confidence in the "experts." One's physical attributes were of prime importance and once more falsies and/or padded bras were attached to my young body.

I was in an emotional and physical tailspin throughout the whole film. I lost my balance and any confidence I had begun to acquire as a young adult. I became a slave to outward appearances and neglected all I had learned as a beginning metaphysician.

Practicing riding for my role I took a spill, the horse fell also, rolled over, barely missing me, and my knee was a wreck. While waiting for Mom to come fetch me, I sat on the front steps of the wrangler's office, an old tom cat on my lap. A dog leaped upon the scene, I could not get to my feet, and that little fracas left me looking like something from a Tom and Jerry cartoon!

I had to use a cane when not in front of the cameras. I developed makeup poisoning from the dark pancake they put on me for the escape scenes where I masqueraded as a Haitian native. To cap it off, I developed strep throat, for the remainder of the film production. Once when I asked for assistance from the director about the intent of my character for a scene his answer was, "You're an actress. Act!" Lost? Yes.

In New York you fulfilled the acting role assigned you and then went about the daily business of being a human being. In Hollywood it was the reverse. You were supposed to maintain an "image" wherever you went. Hours were spent in the makeup and wardrobe departments in preparation for personal appearances. It is no wonder that many a beautiful actress turned to drink or some other form of self-destruction at the first sign of a wrinkle or bulge. Her body was her identity and there were few in that environment who were interested in what lay behind that facade.

Hollywood was my new home, but I participated as little as possible in its social game. Something inside me was fighting desperately for survival, and I found few allies to reach out to in that attempt. Interviewers wanted juicy tidbits and "angles" for their stories and press agents were always ready to conjure up something at the actor's expense. The truth was not interesting.



SOMEONE

*See that lady in the dazzling fur,
And the handsome man escorting her.
See the lights and the hundreds of fans beyond
In their bleacher seats
Calling out to the blonde,
“Here, Miss Star. Over here, please, come.
Have you been in a picture? Are you SOMEONE?”*

*Shiny black cars and a red carpet walk.
Ankle strap shoes
And announcer’s talk.
Press agents rush at their clients’ heels,
Assuring the mention of their latest deals.*

*Hurry into the theatre and past all that din
Where dark will descend and the reel life begin.
First nighters applaud at the start of the show
And your mark of prestige is your roped-off row.*

*The entrance is over,
The hoopla and fun.
But the thought that stays with you is,
“Are you SOMEONE?”*

The Power

THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT AT TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX was “Elopement,” a comedy with Clifton Webb and Bill Lundigan. I was much better suited for this role, and Henry Koster, the director, was a dream to work with.

I was going to the Fox premieres with actors the studio picked to be my escorts; I had learned how to apply false eyelashes and follow the studio publicists’ leads in interviews, and felt I was a complete phony. I loved acting but just couldn’t carry off the extracurricular activities with ease. I found myself watching the social play with fascination, amazed that those who were participating seemed to be taking it all so seriously. I was the outsider no matter how the studio dressed me. I knew I wasn’t the person that those who were attracted to glamour approached. Cocktails seemed to soften the social assaults though I would be furious with myself later for being charming to many for whom I had no respect. I was judgmental, I will admit, and at the same time I believed that I was being judged according to Hollywood standards, and I hated it. Honesty seemed to be the least required attribute on the scene in those days. I wanted to like and trust, but often when attempt-

ing a conversation that I felt had some depth, I would see my partner's eyes flit around the room to see if there might be someone "important" with whom he should make contact. I did believe one became successful on merit and that somehow the law always worked to that end. I found few who were in accord with that view and truly began to wonder if there might be something wrong with me for being uncomfortable with "the game."

I was not consistent with metaphysical practice and used it sporadically, but determined to get into the habit of meditation once more. It relieved my tension greatly. I indulged in a meditative relaxation before sleep. Often I would feel I was floating above my body in a most pleasurable way.

Then one night I awoke with a high-frequency sound in my ears and all of me spinning and whirling in energy fields beyond my understanding. I could not move my body, though the ME of me was being pulled and twisted and spun with incredible force. I was being pulled upward and was terrified. I tried to call out to my mother in the next bed but knew no sound was coming from my throat though the ME of me could hear my calls. My mind was frantically fighting this power with all its might. I was certain that my life force was being drawn from my body and frightened that I might not return. I had heard of people leaving their bodies but I did not feel ready for such an experience. Instinctively I knew I was not capable of handling such a trauma. I certainly was not intellectualizing at the time, but something in me knew that my spiritual identity was not strong enough. I was not the trusting four-year-old anymore. The fear of death was upon me. I cannot express the immensity of that powerful experience.

I willed over and over again that I regain physical control of my body. Finally the energies began to change and I won the "battle for my life." My body was receptive once more to my call upon it. The spinning and pulling subsided and the cells of my body whirled with cur-

rents that slowed down to a tingling sensation all over and through me. I was so grateful to be able to move my fingers and arms and legs once more!

I swore I would never meditate before sleep again, and for years I didn't. However, whatever had opened me up to the energy experience has never left and it still visits me to this day. It wasn't until many years later that I relaxed to that power, knowing it to be a friend. I no longer have fear when it happens, and use those times to send love and healing thoughts to others. For some time after these energy baths my whole body feels regenerated, and I believe this phenomenon cleanses my cells and expands my intuitive faculties. It gives me a sense of unity with all the Life Force. But the first time, and for many times after, I was terribly frightened.

Our Life Force is an awesome thing. Indeed, we are "wondrously made." The impact of this realization somehow made the Hollywood scene less important to me, but there was no one with whom to share it without sounding very strange. The knowledge of that power back of all things made visible was ever with me whether I consciously thought of it or not. It seemed to make all the battle for stardom that I saw around me extremely unimportant. Yet the acting profession was my livelihood. I enjoyed it and those people with whom I worked on the set. There was a teamwork, a unity, a living entity to each production. I was at ease when in the mechanics of that framework, disciplined, professional and in genuine rapport with my co-workers. Away from the sound stages, it was quite different.

I knew that no amount of success could match my need for inner knowledge. The energies had shown me how little I knew about anything. The world did not discuss those things, so my soul-shaking experience alienated me further from the belief that the possession of "some thing" was power. I knew that stardom as an end to be sought would not make everything all right. The buildup that the studios gave

their stars only ripped them further away from their identities with fabrications they could not possibly live up to. Because the masses idolized the star, his every whim professionally and politically gave him far greater importance than was warranted, and millions of people were swayed by the use of celebrities for endorsements of products and politicians.

The studio was setting a course of stardom for me, but I was on very shaky ground with the warring that was going on in my psyche. From the time of the energy experience on, I was split between two worlds. Outwardly I may have seemed in command. Inwardly, I felt much like the centipede in the story I once heard.

THE CENTIPEDE

*A centipede walked down the cobblestone street
With nary a care on his mind.
A know-it-all bug did appear on the scene—
He was one of the questioning kind.*

*“Pray stop for a moment,” the noxious bug said,
“I’ve a question to ask of you, please.
You’ve so many feet that I can’t understand
How you handle them all with such ease!*

*Do you start with the left or the right forward foot,
Or perhaps with the ones at your side?”
The centipede shrugged, then attempted to walk. . .
In frustration, he curled up and died.*

Adulthood

SOON AFTER MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY Mom returned to New York. I was most eager to prove my adulthood. She was extremely concerned about my capabilities. I had never handled my own finances, did not know how to write a check, and though I had been in love a couple of times, I was hardly what one would call a “woman of the world” (I, of course believed otherwise). It was time for me to handle my own life, but as I look back on it now I realize how ill-prepared I was to do so. It is amazing how I squeaked through those next few years with such an utter lack of sophistication. Somehow, the Presence did see me through and protect me though I had no idea of the buffeting that was to take place over the next few years. My facade was outgoing, and I did have a genuine interest in others and strove for harmony. Emotionally I was still much the trusting child giving others credit for greater wisdom than my own. I still did not understand the dangers of giving up my own authority to others. “Others” are usually quite willing to assume it. I had not yet come to know the “Father Within” as the ultimate authority in all things.

I moved to a new apartment in Westwood and shortly after met a

young man who lived next door to me. He was working for a degree in film production at UCLA. He was poetically frail, darkly handsome, had a brilliant mind and seemed exceedingly self-assured. My insecurities reached out to this "man of the world," and I am quite sure that he considered himself a sort of Pygmalion. I was a beautiful young actress, well-bred, but without the advantage of higher education. I know now what a "Higher Education" is, but didn't then.

I romanticized him greatly and believed his flashing black eyes held some ancient wisdom locked deep within. A few months after our meeting we were married. Our hell began, and lasted three years.

He was obsessed with his film project for I'm sure he felt its outcome would determine his place in the industry. He seemed to have little patience with himself. I supported us, which was an unhealthy arrangement in those days when the male/female models were so sharply defined by society and our parental upbringing. I was confident that he would make his mark once his film was completed and that the industry would see his genius, but the marriage did not survive the work.

As a "homemaker" I was inadequate and I assumed the role of martyr trying to juggle my wifely duties with the growing schedule of studio assignments. I went from Fox to MGM, completing assignments in "The Kid From Outer Space," "Susan Slept Here," "A Lion in the Streets," "Battle Cry," "Rogue Cop," "Bad Day at Black Rock," and "Blackboard Jungle."

The difficulties that can arise between a successful wife and a struggling husband are mountainous, and all the problems that can attend such an alliance, attended ours. The tortures we put ourselves through were numerous. The relationship became a burn-out; and when it ended in divorce, I felt completely drained physically and emotionally. Although I have compassion now for both of us and who we were at that time, the pain was excruciating as we tried to battle our ways through the mazes presented by worldly ego.

My only confidence at that point lay in my work; a confidence instilled through thousands of hours of discipline. It wasn't until many years later that I realized I was using the very principles in acting that I should have been using in my everyday life.

The Mind's Eye

MAN IS THE ONLY LIFE FORM on this planet with the ability to create beyond his own instinctual patterns. Very few down through the centuries have considered the Mind behind Creation and the interplay of our individual minds born out of that One. Mind has never been physically seen, yet we are intelligent enough to realize that all that we have physically created was once seen in our mind's eye. Strangely, many cannot see that what exists around them as far as society is concerned also originated in the mind's eye. They deal with social defects in anger. By warring with their environment, they perpetuate the very conditions they abhor. They speak of crime and bar their windows and buy guns in preparation for more violence!

When a structure is faulty, the architect goes back to the original plan and finds the flaw. He does not get angry with the imperfect structure and shoot it. He knows he is dealing with perfect laws of stress and balance and that somewhere along the line he misused them. These laws cannot be destroyed. They remain the same. What a blessing that they do!

What is the reality of our life right now? Is it not what we are thinking, feeling and acting? Are these thoughts, feelings and actions predicated on the assumptions of others, or have we begun to believe that there may be a validity, a special purpose to our own livingness? Perhaps much of our environment might be changed by our very own actions and reactions. Let us consider the fact that all of creation rests in Infinity. Since Infinity has no bounds, this puts each of us individually right at Life's center.

Your own particular world is uniquely different from anyone else's, and you will always live out of yourself. Consider your own Mind's Eye as the seed of your creations!

Have a Good Show!

LET ME EXPLAIN MY EXPERIENCE of this Mind's Eye in relation to acting, which has been my profession since the age of seven. In all these years (a split second in Eternity), I have been called upon to play many different roles. Ingenues, killers, psychotics, deaf mutes, dingy ladies, alcoholics—you name it, I've probably had a crack at it! Obviously, I didn't live all these lives before playing them. That is, I didn't live them out physically before attempting a performance. Where did I live them? In my Mind's Eye (the seed of creation). I lived them and breathed life into them first in that creative space of me. I saw, heard and felt those people. I repeated the lines they were to say *ad infinitum*, then saw and listened again. I also learned a long time back that any amount of tension in exploring the role would lead to disastrous results. My body would stiffen up, I would start listening to myself, and a mere shadow of a performance would come forth. The greatest lesson an actor can learn is to get out of his own way. The intellect can be a blessing or a tremendous enemy to an actor. It can fool around with a performer until he becomes tongue-tied. Many a rehearsal has destroyed what might have been a fine performance because the director and actors have in-

tellectualized away the very essence of the scene. After some discussion, the wise director says, "Okay, let's put it on its feet!" Let it be done, so to speak. Then comes trial and error, and trial and success. But always there is the faith in the eventual result. The more steadfast the faith, the more perfect that result, often far beyond what was originally "conceived." It is almost as if another power had taken over and added unto what was humanly planned. This is the great excitement of "creating"—that element that takes over and adds unto. No one can explain it, but when it happens, a crew applauds on a sound stage and an audience rises to its feet in a theatre. The performers and director give thanks for the miracle that took place! Ask any of them to explain it. They can't. They won't even make an attempt. They know that they did not do it by themselves.

An actor works from a solid ground of abstracts. As ridiculous as it sounds, it's true. All the vocal study, all the body technique, all the rehearsals mean nothing unless he has learned to rely on this miracle of his being. The intellect can decide where we are going in performance, but it will never get us there. We must let it be done through us, once it has been created in our Mind's Eye. Ninety-five percent of an actor's ability lies in his having what might be called "sheer guts." A more refined expression might be what the Illumined Ones have called "Faith."

The finer the performance, the greater the concentration required. Absolute dedication to purpose is necessary if one is to excel in the acting field. At the same time, it is most important that one be forgiving of one's self when faced with a flaw in performance. Self-reproach for even a fleeting moment destroys the flow of creativity. When one makes a mistake during the playing of a scene, it is mandatory to go on. Thinking back on the mistake while trying to act one's way forward just doesn't work, and will throw one into the pitfall of more confusion. Fellow performers will become bewildered, take note of the now shaking

actor and, much to their own horror, “catch it!” The whole scene will become an utter disaster of broken concentration. On the stage of a theatre, the cast will muddle through to the end of the scene and try to collect themselves before the next one; on a movie soundstage, in front of the camera, the director will yell, “Cut!” and tell everyone to go outside for a moment and get some fresh air. A deep breath of air and a look at the sky does much for releasing tension.

When the scene is approached once more, the actor does not ask the script clerk what the *wrong* reading of his line had been. He asks that the correct reading be given him. He knows that to go over the mistake is just solidifying it. Every actor has been through the experience many times, and he is never smug or judgmental of another who is living through it. He knows he must keep his own mind clear of such judgment lest he be the next perpetrator. An actor who is judging himself or another destroys his own performance, and he guards against such a trap.

When acting in a show, there is always a director nearby to hold the reins and keep control. If there is a disagreement as to intent, a discussion will ensue until clarity of purpose is defined. An actor should listen to only one person other than himself, and that is the director. An actor who listens to the advice of many will end up impotent in his performance. He must work always from clear and concise inner directives. He does not allow the temperament or misbehavior of another to jar his concentration. He keeps his mind on his own creation and will not lower his own performance because of another’s lack of professionalism. It takes discipline to do this, but remember, an actor’s dedication is always to the most perfect performance he can bring. That is always his goal, no matter what material he may be working with at the moment. He is of an optimistic breed, always knowing within himself that the perfect role will some day be his! A fine actor is not “childish,” but he has learned to be “child-like” in faith. He deals in utter faith every

time he gives a performance. The professional has learned that these few principles are unerring.

By now I am sure the message of this chapter must be very clear. You are the Actor in your own life. You are an Actor on a far grander scale than that of a sound stage, the silver screen or a Broadway stage. That is small stuff compared to your arena! We have been speaking of the make-believe world. You live in the “real” stuff, and you are the star of your own production. You have your own “Mind’s Eye.” Every word you say is heard by you, every thought you have is impressed on you, and your imagery and feeling bring forth your creation.

Don’t rehearse your past mistakes. Write your script wisely. See, hear, feel and live your new role in your Mind’s Eye.

One last word in this analogy. Unlike many a professional actor, you have the freedom to choose your own Director, so choose the greatest you can possibly imagine. It will save you many years of frustration. Start at the top! You’ll have a great show!

Life Divorced

AFTER THE DIVORCE, I drew once more upon what metaphysical knowledge I had to regain mental and physical strength. I knew there was a healing power in me. Strange, how many times I turned to it when all seemed falling apart, yet I still didn't make it a consistent habit in my life. I knew we all lived in a form of hypnosis every day, and that what appeared in our environment had been attracted by our subconscious beliefs about ourselves. In fact, there *is no hiding place*, for Infinite Mind is impressed by our every thought though we and those others who are important in our lives may not be consciously aware of why we have been attracted to each other like magnets. This is why we cannot blame another for our mistakes. They are as attracted to us as we to them. On the invisible plane the appointment is made no matter how random the meeting may seem. Something in us knew all along what we were getting into. It was programmed there long before the meeting. The programming is important to look into. Though I was good at helping others and "treating" for them, knew the deep feeling of love and the power of the Life Force and realized the eternality of our being from my music and color experience, my personal life was still unfulfilled.



I embarked on “Forbidden Planet,” a picture that has become one of the foremost films in the science-fiction cult, and then “The Rack” with Paul Newman.

It was during that period that I met someone with whom I fell deeply in love. I had been playing the field some as the free divorcee and, like most women of that era, I believed I could not be complete without a man. That belief was deeply ingrained in us from our childhood on. Advertisements, songs, plays, novels and films impressed upon us that a woman was *not* a woman without a man, and they stressed how meaningless her existence was without one. Furthermore, the intellectual female was to be pitied as sexually unattractive; no man wanted to go to bed with a “brain.” Women were told as little girls not to trust other women, and the boys were told they could only trust men. That left the female of the species quite alone. Trust men, or no one, and if they made unwelcome advances toward you it was your fault for somehow “leading them on.”

We were told God was good and Mother Nature was cruel, as if the Almighty had created something outside Himself. The words in Genesis were forgotten: “God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.” The allegory of Adam and Eve still prevailed. Woman was created out of Man (not God); she was his downfall and temptation, weak and inferior. Many of my generation are still haunted by these teachings. True spiritual liberation will not exist until we know that we are all the living breathing creations of the One, born to love and minister to each other.

The man with whom I fell in love was dear and kind and treated me as if I were worthy of love and respect. He was separated from his wife, and when he informed me that it was best that others not know we were seeing each other, I agreed, remembering that my attorney had warned me not to date anyone before going into the divorce court. For some time I was satisfied with the clandestine meetings, I was so radiantly

happy with this gentle man, with his kind authority and warm humor. But as time wore on, the telephone became my lifeline to happiness. I began to realize that he did not love me as I loved him, though he did have a deep affection for me, I am sure. One night, he came to me and I knew that he had been with another woman. Loving him completely as I did, I could not bear the humiliation, and shortly after had the courage, in spite of the great pain, to break the relationship. The grieving lasted three years, and I fantasized that he would call proclaiming his great love for me. Finally he did call, but just to inform me that his divorce was final. He married the "other woman."



PETE

A teddy bear named Pete sits on my office shelf, his shiny bead-like eyes staring across the room. Nose re-stitched, ears curled down, homemade vest and tie all faded. Yet, I still feel the warmth of kinship I knew long ago with this precious toy that once shared my pillow, felt my tears, and drank make-believe tea with other dolls on quiet afternoons of rain. I loved him. I still do, but anyone knows a stuffed animal doesn't love back. Somehow I never considered that, nor did it seem to matter. That I loved him was all that mattered. That I love is all that matters . . .

A New Chapter

MY UNREQUITED LOVE had plummeted me into periodic depths of great depression, and one of the most momentous lessons we have to learn had not yet sunk in: the futility of believing our happiness and fulfillment depend on receiving love from another human being.

One night I seriously considered “ending it all.” Funny—when I look back on it now. Professionally and in public relations stories I was attributed with the “apple pie,” well-adjusted girl-next-door quality; balanced, and always there with a word of cheer for one in need. I had learned early as a child model to smile whether I felt like it or not. For as long as I could remember I believed myself responsible for the happiness of others.

One is told that an actor lives for the applause. If indeed that were so, the actor could never be happy. There are those nights when the house is not full and he would always be comparing his worth with the decibels of sound. Our worth can never be measured by the outward signs. To perform our way through life is not the answer, and the reactions of others must not be our barometer of success.

I remember a few years ago an incident that taught me this lesson. I was speaking to a large group in an assembly hall. By that time I had

learned to let my intuition guide me and to pray to the Presence to lead me before going to the podium. That particular evening I had no reaction from the faces I was addressing. Their expressions were blank. A part of me was saying, "I'm not getting through," but another part insisted I continue in the vein I had taken. I accepted the possibility that the message I was delivering might be meant just for one particular person there, so I went on. At the end of the talk I left the podium, the worldly critic in me reflecting, "Well, you sure didn't accomplish much tonight." As I went to my seat I was astounded that the whole audience was on its feet! The Presence knew far better than I what was to be said. I have accepted that lesson not to censor my guidance.

On the night of my death-contemplation many things passed through my mind. A sense of futility and worthlessness was the uppermost feeling. There was the longing for that perfect love which I knew was seeded deep in my being. The utterly desolate feeling of separateness which tugs at every human soul at one time or another was heavily upon me. I was tempted with what seemed such an easy answer to my pain; to leave the world where separateness seemed to rule, and unite with the sea of my source once more.

"Something" pierced through the enveloping dark blanket that was engulfing me. "There is another chapter," was the message that went through my mind. "Aren't you inquisitive enough to turn the page to see how all is going to come together?" I put myself to bed, and upon awaking the following morning called a friend who was in analysis and asked him to help me find a good analyst through the assistance of the dean at UCLA.

Analysis helped me to sift, rip and tear out those memories that had festered so long in my psyche; to look at them and also to consider the lives of those who had influenced me in my early years, and what their particular conflicts might have been. Overall, it gave me a better perspective in some ways, though there were times when after lifting out some obstruction I found a gaping space that needed to be filled.

Developing new patterns of confidence took time. The analytical process takes several years. Over those years I dated young bachelors, taking care not to involve myself with anyone I felt could devastate me once more. In other words, a part of me still believed that another could hold the key to my happiness or unhappiness.

Then I met Bob, a gentle soul who seemed to have wonderful understanding. Our relationship grew to what appeared to be marriage potential. He was a young dentist just starting his practice in the Beverly Hills "big time." To all outward appearances our alliance seemed a most fortuitous one. I was panicked at the thought of marriage, but we took the plunge, and soon after knew it was a mistake. He was on rocky emotional ground, as was I. That, along with financial disagreements, and the crazy male/female roles that the world assigned to us at birth were insurmountable. However we bumped along for a psychologically bone-crushing three years. Ten months after the birth of our daughter, Jane, our third and final separation occurred.

Though I had finished analysis during my pregnancy, there were many residual effects. There was a popular album at that time called "Songs for Couch and Consultation." One particular song fit what had happened in this second marriage: "I Can't Get Adjusted to the You Who Got Adjusted to Me." Something in me snapped, and I no longer responded to certain emotional "buttons" being pushed. Whatever had drawn Bob and me together in Mind had stopped being a cohesive force to bind us. The lesson was deeply learned this time: Two people can not expect their happiness to come from one another. Surely reason should tell us that, but for centuries man has looked for his happiness outside of himself, has set forth rules and roles for that attainment so that he may quickly judge and blame another for his own failure. Man-made laws are like piles of dust to the breath of Spirit.

Inside-Out

LET US SEE THE ABUNDANCE that is here, and dispense with behavior that reflects belief in scarcity! Let us dare to express the truth of our Eternality, to waken ourselves and others who sleep fitfully in a cramped dream of unreality. Life is not a tight shoe! Life is not meant to be need after need, but fulfillment after fulfillment. Let's stop the outside-in thinking that is our worldly inheritance, and stop living out roles either self-imposed or imposed by others who do not dare to believe in their own dreams. What you have always wanted to believe in is the very truth of your being. Love, peace, caring, abundance, beauty, wisdom—all these are the truth of your Kingdom. They have never left you. These attributes are the essence of our being, which we have denied. We must stop believing that all these things shall come to us only when we have attained someone or something. That we are miserable when we do so should be example enough for us.

Life is ever expressing itself and ever changing. Millions of people with beautiful dreams reside on this planet—dreams to be shared and fulfilled with others. Look about you. Look at all that is beautiful. What you see is what you are. Give thanks for it. Bless it. Build upon it. It is

YOU. Remember, your life is *your* story. No matter how many authors seem to have collaborated, it is your living experience accepted by you. You don't have to wear it if it doesn't look good on you. No hand-me-downs, please. Let's not forget we have been given dominion on this planet to name our experience.

Let's get rid of the "outside-in" thinking once and for all. The "outside-in" thinking began centuries ago when man first started reacting to his environment—heat, cold, wind, rain, predatory animals, and so forth. We know the elements and the need to find food taxed most of primitive man's energies. He developed a habit of adjusting to the "outside" factors, and much of this has remained an instinctive physical and psychic memory deep within his being. Yet, at times, man has realized that when he thought or performed an action of his own, there would be a counter-action of some sort, either of a constructive or destructive nature. However, the initial action was of his own choosing.

We still have that choice to make. Do we wish to continue sitting around the campfire in the wilderness telling ghost stories of destruction and lack and death, or are we ready to start living? Are we through going on with the endless arguments about the ground rules, separating ourselves according to skin colors, religions, politics, and sex, or are we ready to let Life live us?

Are we ready to accept the good that has been eternally pressing from within us since Life began? Are we ready to let It flow through us as is Its way? Are we willing to let go of our diseases that have accumulated because in ignorance we have held back this very life that must express Itself through us? When we stand in Its loving, giving way, we get knocked down.

Look at the abundance of creation. There are billions of galaxies besides our own. Do we have the audacity to say that only one person or one way can solve the problems of our life? How dare we limit our Creator with such nonsense. "Outside-In" thinking!

Let us allow miracles to be born through us. Labor has started, my dear friend, and there is no turning back. Relax—take a deep breath. The harder we fight, the greater our pain.

Let us be eager to welcome these new creations to our world. Let us know that there is no death, only constant new birth as we climb the ladder of our individual experience. Birth comes from the “Inside-Out!”

Bon Voyage

DURING ONE OF MY SEPARATIONS FROM BOB, I took flying lessons. I have always felt fantastic when flying. I feel I am swimming in the middle of the Creator's paint pot when I'm up there. I glory in the wonder of the ever-changing sky and I have seen some incredible things in the clouds—messages that I have felt were especially for me.

One day, however, while going through a routine lesson, my instructor suddenly told me to perform a set of maneuvers completely contrary to the laws of aerodynamics! He told me to kick the rudders a certain way and at the same time make arbitrary moves of the ailerons. Of course the little Cessna 150 went completely out of control. As we skidded around the sky, I looked at my instructor in absolute horror. For one fleeting moment I believed he had gone mad. Perhaps he had had a fight with his wife and had decided to end it all in the San Fernando Valley in a flaming burst of glory with headlines reading, "Actress and Flight Instructor Crash!" He read the panic on my face and quite calmly said, "Let go of everything." Let go of everything? What an utterly stupid thing to say! This mess couldn't be straightened out by letting go. Surely it called for my manually correcting the ridiculous moves that he had ordered me to perform in the first place.

He offered me no other suggestion, and I finally brought myself to follow his instruction. It took great courage to do so, I assure you. Great courage! I removed my hands and feet from the controls and awaited my next orders—which were not forthcoming!

An incredible event took place. One of the greatest lessons I have ever had in my life took place that day. Within seconds that little flying machine had righted itself, levelled out and we were merrily on our way again as if nothing had happened. This had been a routine lesson to show the student pilot that if he just lets go, the machine could fly itself. If you get yourself in a mess by overkill of the controls, just let go and the plane will put itself back on course!

I was absolutely stunned with the marvel of it—how man's mind had been able to construct a machine that would straighten itself out when left completely alone. Then I started to think of the Mind that created the mind that created the machine. There are no words to describe such a Mind. But there is a technical term which describes that righting action that took place during my lesson that day. It is called "inherent stability." Man built inherent stability into the Cessna 150. Or did he build the Cessna 150 around inherent stability? At any rate, inherent stability was always there, even when I was fooling around with the controls of the plane and doing all those things that put us utterly *out* of control. It was always there. It was built in. But I had no knowledge of it. Since it had not become a fact in my consciousness, I would have tried to compensate for the plane's action with all kinds of maneuvers until we were run right into the ground! Letting go was the last plan on my mind. Yet, if I had the knowledge beforehand, my immediate action when "out of control" would have been to do just that.

Man has been so busy at the controls he has not become aware of his own inherent stability. As long as he continues trying to control he'll never be aware of it. His scheme of trying to have power over another leads him into the trap of fearing another's power over him. He just runs himself into the ground, his gift of imagery stomped underfoot in

his endless pursuit of that which was always there within him.

When we were taught how to swim, we were first taught how to float. To know how to float was to know how to survive if seas got rough and our bodies tired. Whoever instructed us did so with infinite patience and reassurance, slowly removing support as we eventually came to the realization that if we just let go and did nothing, the water would hold us up! The slightest doubt and down our feet would go as we started to sink.

What I speak of does take courage. I am not speaking of an act of passivity that makes us tools of others' whims. I am speaking of a self-reliance that comes from resting in our own inherent stability, which is as special to each individual as is his course, as strong as the ocean or any winds of fortune may be. It is in this daring act that life will open up to us. We will begin to see, hear and feel wondrous things from the very depths of our being that will lift us up, sustain us and keep us on our incredible course of fulfillment.

Bon Voyage!

My Lesson From Jane

WHEN BOB AND I PARTED WAYS, I was back where I had started, still in the apartment I had had before and during the marriage. I was freelancing as an actress and had sold my new car after Jane's birth to be able to afford assistance when I worked. A dear lady, Pat Patrick, came to help. I was starting all over again, this time with a beloved little soul dependent upon me. I was one of the growing ranks of professional single mothers. I was tired and the future seemed most awesome to me, but I remembered an incident of a few months previous in which Janey had been my teacher.

I had been sitting on the couch in the living room watching Jane play on her blanket. She was just starting to crawl. Some toy at the far side of the room caught her eye and she decided to get it. The distance was miles across the carpet for that little one, but what courage she displayed. She pulled and wriggled and worked so hard with her arms and knees. Two or three times she stopped and cried, the task was so exhausting. But up would come her little head once more in determina-

tion to try again. Tears sprang to my eyes as I empathised with her dedication and frustration. Instinctively I knew I should not get the toy for her or pick her up and place her by it or she would be cheated of her victory. What seemed an interminable length of time passed as she worked and rested, cried and inched on. Finally, her baby hands grasped her goal and a look of magnificent triumph shone upon her face! I was as thrilled as she was and lavished much praise upon her.

That example made a very deep impression upon me. If I could feel such compassion for her trial and yet know that I must not interfere with her work, how must my Creator feel about me? What compassion He must have for all His children. I knew she could do it. Our Creator knows *we* can do it too.



Transition

I WANTED TO LEAVE THE APARTMENT and start in new surroundings with a home for Jane and me.

I began to “treat” for work. I went into my bedroom one day determined to “treat” until successful. I don’t know how many hours I was in there until I was thoroughly convinced that work was mine. As I was walking out of the bedroom, the phone rang. My agent was calling with the news of an offer for a guest star role on the hottest series of that time. It was the one series I had sworn I would never do. I disliked the male lead because he had spread a rumor that he and I had had an affair. I had never even dated him.

I was stunned that this was my work demonstration, but realized there must be a lesson to learn, so I swallowed my pride and accepted the assignment. I reported to the studio quite cool toward the star but determined to give an excellent performance.

The actor was prone to fits of temper, and at one point threw a clipboard which hit the script clerk in the shins. He was extremely insecure and had gofers (“go fer this, go fer that”) and a bodyguard. As the work progressed on the show I began to feel sympathy for the man. I could

tell he was most uncomfortable with his smashing success and had no self-esteem. He had difficulty remembering his lines and had them written on hidden slips of paper. At the end of a take, I playfully threw a pillow at him, hoping he might relax a bit. His bodyguard leaped between us to protect him, fire in his eyes. I suggested he let his star handle his own pillow fights. The whole scene was so pitiful, I was amazed that I had ever held a grudge against this “successful” performer. I only felt sorry for him. I don’t know what he is doing now, or where he is, but hope that he has come to some inner peace.

Work continued with guest shots on shows and I pulled myself out of financial depression and found a lovely little house in Brentwood where we would live for the next fifteen years. It was the first home I had ever owned and it meant a great deal to me. Though I had loved the upstairs duplex apartment I had lived in for eight years, it was wonderful to be able to walk out the door to trees and flowers. As best I could, I was bringing some stability to Jane’s life and mine.

One day I had lunch with my agent at the Brown Derby. Although he knew I had not wanted to be tied down to a series, this particular day he brought up the idea, asking me that if I were ever even to consider such a prospect, what kind of project might I find interesting. I thought about it and said, since we were making-believe, it might be fun to do a slick, sophisticated detective show. There was a series on at that time called “Burke’s Law” with Gene Barry. I presented the idea of a kind of female Amos Burke with lots of action, glamour, and a comedic flair. We both agreed that might be fun, and then went on to other topics.

The next day my agent called me, laughing, and said, “Are you and Aaron Spelling playing games with me?” I said no, that we weren’t, and why did he think so? It seemed Aaron had just called him saying they were planning to do a spinoff on “Burke’s Law” introducing a new character named “Honey West,” a sort of female Amos Burke, that he



had seen me at the Derby the day before, and thought I would be perfect for the role! Coincidence?

The spinoff was done, the pilot took place, the series was sold, and for many months I only saw the sun when we were shooting on location.

I secured a business management group to handle my accounts while I was being a series "star." The house was decorated, glamorous designer clothes filled my closets, I was dating a handsome young actor, was on the TV merry-go-round, and I was exhausted. Saturdays we worked on the script for the next week's shoot after twelve-to eighteen-hour-days the previous week. Interviews and personal appearances took the rest of the time, and Sunday afternoons were Janey's. You can imagine what a brilliant companion I was to her.

I received the Golden Globe Award, and was nominated for the Emmy. The show's ratings were excellent, but ABC dropped the bomb with a cancellation. They were able to buy "The Avengers" from England for less than it cost to produce our show. In the long run it was a blessing, though, of course, my pride was hurt.

I took Janey to Hawaii for a vacation and we became reacquainted. I swore I would never jeopardize our relationship again with such a burdening schedule.

Professionally, the next year was nowhere. Producers still thought of "Honey West" when considering me for a role. My romance with the young actor broke up, and I started dating a rugged outdoor type of man. He was bringing up two children on his own, and had a family living in Northern California. He and I took our children on camping trips with his family and friends. Those excursions were marvelous for Jane and me. Lakes, mountains, clean air and sunshine reawakened the country girl in me.

Over the next year I became more and more reclusive. I had never been a part of the "A" party syndrome, and I found it necessary to

spend many hours in solitary contemplation. Simple jobs around the home began to acquire a deeper meaning to me. Polishing a glass, fixing a toy, painting a piece of furniture, cleaning out a closet—all seemed to take on far greater importance. I could spend a great deal of time just studying the veins in a leaf or the patterns of light and color in a drop of water on the window pane. Sounds of people's voices intrigued me, and the realization that each voice had its own music expressing its part in the universal symphony of humanness.

Work started up again, and over the next few years, along with TV guest spots, I appeared in "Funny Girl" with Barbara Streisand, "Impasse" with Burt Reynolds, "Hook, Line and Sinker" with Jerry Lewis, and "Love God" with Don Knotts. I enjoyed the camaraderie of other professionals at work, but I seemed to be more and more sensitive to the fears that lay beneath the veneer of many "successful" personalities. I had become a good psychologist and seemed able to calm many calamities and was capable of working well with some who were considered impossible. I did not react to their tantrums because I was able to see the pain they were fighting through. Insights would present themselves to me about those with whom I was dealing. I could "feel" where they were on their path and this knowledge would disturb me at times, though I would throw it off as well as possible and "see" them protected and coming into their own self-realization. Knowing other people's motives did not make it easy to have close relationships.

Often, I would waken in the morning knowing that I had been "somewhere" during my sleep. Many times I would feel depleted, as if I had been spending long hours working. I had one dream that I still remember vividly. I was with many others, seemingly putting broken bodies back together. In a hospital-like atmosphere I spoke with a tall sensitive "doctor" who had three grey eyes; the third one in the center of his forehead.

Some mornings I would know upon rising that I had learned something while at rest. Though I could not consciously recall what it was, I

realized it had settled deep into my awareness. There were other manifestations taking place which I will discuss in a future chapter. All were part of this human/spiritual evolvement which we seem to have to go through, each in our own particular way. The Higher Mind knows Its children well and The Course is tailor-made to suit our individual needs.

It was during this period that two strong urges overtook me. One was to produce and direct a “short” art film, the other was to adopt a baby.

Rodeo

PROBABLY ALL MY YEARS OF BEING A PART OF PRODUCTIONS without any control over the finished product had left me with a deep need to create my own film project from beginning to end. I used to drop by the cutting rooms once in a while to watch the editors bending over their Moviolas piecing strips of film together. I saw how a scene could be destroyed or improved by the editor's scissors.

I wanted the chance to experiment with sight and sound and chose the rodeo arena as my subject. I had been fascinated with the charisma of the cowboy since my early childhood in Manhattan. Every Fall these glamorous aliens would invade the city streets in their high Stetson hats, jeans and boots. They cut a jaunty path through the dull grey coats and hats of the New York businessmen as they made their way to and from Madison Square Garden. In later years I had the opportunity to witness these men in their own arenas under the sun. I was a guest at numerous rodeo events and remained intrigued with the cowboy mystique—his obsession with conquering “the beast,” his bravado and scorn for broken bones or even death. His hero was the rodeo clown who, while acting the buffoon, was saving the fallen contestants from

the fatal stabbing of the bull's horns. The rodeo arena held quite a feast of life's interplay.

I enlisted the assistance of two fine cameramen with whom I had worked—Roger Sherman, Jr., and Ron Brown. Dick Moran, who had been key grip on “Honey West” some years before was my associate producer. They were incredibly helpful and acted as if we were working on some high budget major studio film, so painstaking were their efforts. I will always be grateful for their giving up a weekend from their heavy schedules to share their talent with me.

We chose the Sonora Rodeo. I had decided the theme would be that of the event as seen through the eyes of a young boy. Dick's twelve-year-old son, Bart, played the boy. Astride a white stallion, he overlooked the action and reacted to the event from his vantage point atop a hill.

The cowboys were not thrilled with a woman invading their chutes but adjusted rather quickly to the coverage and soon were calling me to be sure and catch their next event. It took me many months of editing and looking back over the episodes I had witnessed to realize the sheer brutality of this western sport both to man and animal, but Janey, who was not yet six, responded immediately. We were in the chutes, filming contestants in preparation for their rides, when a voice resounded over the microphone, “Will someone please get that child out of the arena!” Suddenly Roger called to me, “It's Janey.” I couldn't believe my eyes. Somehow she had gotten away from friends and out of the grandstand and had thrown herself against the bull-dog chute to prevent them from sending out the little steers to be lassoed and thrown. Two cowboys grabbed her and lifted her back into the stands. I had once had a dream of Jane dancing with the bulls, and since that incident have wondered if indeed she had done so in a previous life. It would certainly be one explanation for her utter lack of fear in rushing to protect what in eastern tradition has been a sacred animal.

I rented a small cottage in Malibu for the editing process. Byron

Meyers, the young man who assisted me, and I, started the arduous task of sorting and cataloguing the thousands of feet of film to be shaped into a fantasy of sound, music, and voices conjured up in a young boy's mind; the challenges and confusions of life against the rodeo backdrop. I remember Don Knotts dropping by one day and saying "What's it about?" I was surprised to hear myself say, "We're letting 'them' tell us." Actually, I *did* feel I was being led through this intricate maze. It took such patience creating patterns of sequences and finding the right shots to let imagination unfold in an organized fashion. Sometimes we would use a few frames of a whip pan to tie in one action shot to another. I learned that film is quicker than the eye. I learned how to put bits and pieces of sound on numerous sound tracks to create a symphony that most of us take for granted with our everyday hearing. Though the experience was greatly rewarding, I knew I would not like to repeat those nine months of hard labor again.

If I had been looking for applause for my endeavors, I certainly didn't receive it. A pat on the head, yes, but no encouragement or assistance in finding a distributor once the film was an entity. Women were not seriously considered as film makers. I went from distributor to distributor, my can of film under my arm. Finally, a group called Medford Films took it. It was released under the title, "Gemini Rising" along with a film called "Dirty Dingus McGhee." I never saw a cent of my investment, the distributors went bankrupt and vanished, and my original film print disappeared from the CFI laboratory.

That I wasn't taken seriously as anything more than an actress by the industry or the business managers I had at the time was not important. I found out that what was important was my own enthusiasm. The valuable result was that I had developed the patience to see a project through whether peers saw merit in my dedication or not. One moment I savored was reading a lovely review of "Gemini Rising" written by Charles Champlin, of the *Los Angeles Times*. That was my applause.



Miracle: Part I

I WAS AT THE COTTAGE IN MALIBU about halfway through the editing when Mom called from Ojai to tell me Dad was in the hospital, dying.

Janey was with her father for the weekend. I quickly packed an overnight suitcase and got in the car with Smidgeon, my elderly poodle who was not feeling well that day. He was on heart pills and a special diet. He curled up on the floor by the passenger's seat looking up at me with his soulful eyes. I knew he was not in good shape. "Well," I thought, "Hold on, Daddy. Here we come!"

The drive was swift and the cars ahead of us just seemed to move out of our way as we cut a swath through the weekend traffic. Not a stop from cottage door to Mom and Dad's place. Mom seemed stunned to see me so quickly, and I am still convinced that run had never been made in such time, though I was oblivious to clocks. I put Smidge in the kitchen with food and water, and Mom and I took off for the hospital.

Upon arrival, I walked up the hall and through a door into a ward where I found my father half-slumped out of an oxygen tent. His lips were blue and his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth. He was a mess.

What I did startled me as much as I am sure it startled him. I pushed him back into the tent and bent under it to say most firmly, "I know exactly what you are doing, and you're not going to get away with it!" He opened his eyes and looked at me in shock. Then I turned to a nurse and said, "Now what do we do?" She handed me a popsicle to put in his mouth to counteract dehydration. Then some milk through a straw, the first nourishment he had accepted in a long time.

I went and found the doctor who informed me that Dad had lost the will to live. I asked if I could stay at the hospital for the next few days and be in the same room with him. The doctor said it was fine with him. Dad was moved to a private room and I took up the vigil.

The next nine days were the most grueling and exhilarating I have ever spent. I moved from moment to moment relying completely on an inner prompting. The first twenty four hours were spent putting pieces of ice in his mouth, giving him milk with a straw and soothing him when he had emotional attacks. He was on intravenous feeding and under heavy sedation which he fought constantly. In spite of his condition he was very powerful, and his fits of anxiety would send him leaping from the bed and gasping for breath. The more he resisted, the more the nurses would jump in to tranquilize him, and vice versa. I asked them to please stop with the needles for a while. When they left I told Dad I was leaving too and would return when he quieted down. He started acting up but met no resistance from me. I said I would be back soon and went to the nurses' quarters nearby. They were surprised that I had left him but none of us moved as he gasped and made terrible sounds for a while. Then he became more quiet and started to call my name. Under the sedation a raging battle was taking place within him. Emotions stored up for years were wreaking havoc with Dad's mind, body, and soul. From within I was being urged not to meet his battle with any resistance. I went back to his room. He had not left his bed. I asked if he would like some orange juice. He said no. I said, "O.K."

Then he said yes he would like some, and I went to the hospital refrigerator and got it. He drank it and quieted down for a rest. I alerted the nurses that I was going to the house briefly to shower and change, but would be back.

Upon arriving at Mom's, I found Smidge in bad shape. He hadn't eaten for a day and was very weak. A lady in the room next to Dad's had told me of a fine veterinarian. The lady, Frances Knott, was with the Humane Society and was in the hospital because of a problem with the circulation in her legs. I remembered the doctor's name and called him. Ironically, the Veterinary hospital was right next door to the Ojai hospital. I took Smidge over to Dr. Dee and left a blouse of mine to be put in the cage for him to sleep on.

The following days were round-the-clock. Once in a while I would go into Frances' room for a respite since the doctor was getting concerned about my lack of sleep. But Dad was having constant ups and downs, and I found myself being guided to praise him one moment, and admonish him the next. Once when he was really carrying on I brought him up short by saying, "What would your mother say about this behavior? Now you shape up. We all need you!" He shaped up.

My constant goal was to see him resting peacefully and breathing easily. Once I fell to my knees by his bed and asked to be guided in all that I did. I found myself taking command over and over and doing many things that would be opposite from hospital procedure, but they worked, and the doctor had given me *carte blanche*. As far as he was concerned Daddy was a goner unless he found a reason to live. Dad had retired early, and I suspected strongly that he did not feel needed, nor did he feel he had made a mark sufficient to his early expectations of himself; a problem, I believe, many men suffer in our western culture where success is measured by headlines. I had made a "mark" early in life; though not impressive to me, I had been a breadwinner from the age of seven on. I had never considered myself particularly strong, but I

was learning hour by hour that something inside me was! That “something” was changing my belief system for the rest of my life. From that moment of prayer and acknowledged partnership with whatever was guiding me, I came into a new understanding from which I have never wandered far astray since. I found out later that a dear friend of mine was in a prayer circle at the same time I was kneeling by Dad’s bed. Someone said, “Miss Francis needs help right now.” They all fell to their knees immediately and prayed for me! One can’t argue with that kind of “coincidence.”

Meanwhile, next door, Smidgeon was refusing to eat and getting weaker and weaker. The veterinarian marvelled at how Smidge would get up and stand in his cage moments before I would arrive for a visit. I’d take him outside and try to get him to eat, but with no success. Someone suggested trying boiled chicken to tempt him. I called Mom from the hospital and asked if she would prepare some for me. She was beside herself with worry about Dad, and I think this new mission helped her a bit to get her mind on something concrete that she could have control over.

The weekend was coming up, and Miss Patrick was going to bring Janey to Ojai along with some fresh clothes for me. Dad’s upsets were fewer and farther between and he was beginning to eat. I was sleeping for longer periods in the other bed and not having to call out to him every few minutes that everything was alright, to lie down and relax.

Then one morning I saw what I had dreamed and prayed for and envisioned all those days. He was sleeping peacefully, his face relaxed, and there was color in his cheeks. He had made it through. He was to be with us a few more years to be grandfather to Jane and to meet his new granddaughter, Maggie, soon after, in whom he would delight.

Pat arrived at the hospital with Janey and a jar of boiled chicken sent from Mom. Dad awoke and I told him of my mission with Smidge. He smiled encouragement as I left.

Smidge was so puny it was heartbreaking to see. Still, he stood up like a little gentleman when I entered the room of cages. We took him outdoors. He was hardly able to relieve himself, he was so wobbly on his feet. I opened the jar of pieces of chicken, and put some on the ground before him. We all stood there in suspense. He sniffed cautiously. Then he tentatively nosed at it. Then, that little poodle mouth grabbed hold, and he was eating! Eating? He was gobbling! I fell on my knees in thanksgiving, my tears flowing unashamedly in front of Janey and Pat. Smidgeon was going to survive. Dad and Smidge had made it, and now the convalescing would begin for them both. Soon I was to go back home to Brentwood where the house was being torn apart in preparation for a baby I knew would be on the way soon.

A couple of days later, before leaving Ojai, we took Smidge to Frances Knott's and Dad's windows at the hospital so they could see his smiling face. The storm had cleared, and I was sailing with energies new-found and never since forgotten. 1969 was the year that I learned that intuition is the greatest teacher; that the "Father Within" has all the answers if we will but listen.

Miracle: Part II

MAGGIE IS ANOTHER STORY. The more I know her, the less I am sure that I am the one who decided on adoption. I think she had me pegged long before I applied. The memory of seeing my father before I was born convinces me that there are no mistakes about our placement in this worldly experience.

Through the latter part of 1968, longings had overtaken Janey and me at the same time. I had the woman's urge to have another baby. Maybe every woman doesn't have those feelings, but I did. The need was very strong. Surprising too, because before Jane, I never thought I would have a child. Then, when I was pregnant, I was scared. I knew nothing about children. I had worked most of my own childhood.

I was in the final stages of analysis during the first months of pregnancy, and I remember the day I came to an understanding that I would not be alone. The baby and I would be working together, I as the mother, and the baby as the baby. Together we would learn our roles, and neither of us would be alone in the mutual adventure. That adventure had turned into something beautiful as far as I was concerned. So beautiful that now, even though I was not married, I still wanted the blessing and responsibility of another child.

I kept quiet about that need for some time because I felt that Jane had enough to handle with the divorce and two separate abodes with rules and regulations. But one night she said, "Mom, I sure wish I had a baby sister." I answered quite carefully. I pointed out to her that her life would be different, that she no longer would be the center of attention. She said she didn't care. I decided to wait a while to see if we both would continue to feel this way.

The conversation continued over a number of months. Finally, by the beginning of February 1969, I had talked it out thoroughly with her. She was as sure as a child almost seven could be, and she convinced me that she wanted a baby sister as much as I wanted another daughter. I called my attorney who told me to call my pediatrician, who in turn gave me the number of another attorney who specialized in adoption. I went to meet him the next day. I filled out papers with all the pertinent information and then waited. Funny, it never entered my mind for one moment that there would be any problem.

As soon as I made the decision, I looked for a larger home. Everything was financially out of range, so I decided to add to my own home. The building was going on when I was editing in Malibu.

The workmen took quite some time completing the family room kitchen and adding on the extra bedroom and bath. It was a large project. I had the refrigerator and hot plate in the dining room along with many pieces of furniture in an interesting maze. The house was growing, and I knew my baby was growing somewhere as well!

The attorney called a few times over the months. Twice he said he had a baby boy, but I said no. I had decided that a girl would have an easier time of it as the adopted child of a single mother. I felt a boy needed a father figure as a role model. My attorney said it would not be easy, since many parents wished affirmation before birth that their child would be adopted no matter what the sex might be. I assured him that I was not concerned and knew that the right baby would come at the right time. I did know it. My faith was unswerving. I even said she

probably would arrive as soon as the work on the house was done.

On October 11, 1969, I was sitting in the family room at a table covered with wood dust writing letters. The carpenters were finishing up the cabinetry in the kitchen area, and strains of Bob Dylan were floating on the autumn air. It was a Saturday afternoon, a little after three o'clock. I had been thinking about writing a song for the theme of "Gemini Rising." I felt it should stress a certain message, that our own truth is what is reflected in the arena of our individual lives. Suddenly a lyric began to present itself and I stopped the letter I was writing and grabbed a yellow legal pad to let it come through:

*"Baby Child, find your own.
No one can help you,
You're all alone.
Days may bring storm and sun.
Your spirit leads you
'Til you're done.*

*The world will tell you
Of truths it has known,
But your heavenly answer
Is your own.
Let the sun of your heart
Be your constant guide.
Keep the sword of your own truth
By your side.*

*Baby Child, find your own.
No one can help you,
You're all alone.
Days may bring storm and sun.
Your spirit leads you
'Til you're done."*

The following Tuesday I was called to be told that my baby had arrived! The time of her birth? The previous Saturday afternoon at about 3:25! The birth mother decided on Sunday to place the baby up for adoption and chose me from the other cases presented to her. The length of the time from my applying until Maggie was born was slightly over nine months. You can understand why I call Maggie my spirit child. Many claim she is the spitting image of me and question whether I was really editing during all those months!

“Gemini Rising” was released with Pat (who is a gospel singer) singing Mag’s song over the beginning and end of the picture.

We knew that Maggie was not completely ours until the court declared her so. For a period of six months, the birth mother is given the opportunity to change her mind. Many friends felt this was too much of a strain and questioned how I could handle such an arrangement. I had thought it out quite thoroughly and had come to the conclusion that whatever happened, she would have received lots of love for those six months and so she could not lose. Of course it would have hurt very deeply, but when we love, we have to accept the fact that sometimes we do get hurt. I had learned that. Losing someone we love is terribly painful, but our hearts must be open or life will have no meaning at all. I knew it, though I don’t know how well I would have handled it had I lost her. I thank God that wasn’t meant to be.

The day Maggie and Janey and I went to court was a glorious day. I had been working on a “Movie of The Week” for Aaron Spelling and he insisted on lending us a limo for the event. I will never forget Maggie in her walker, scooting up and down the courthouse halls. She became attracted to a handsome old gentleman who was sitting on a bench not too far from me. He had a great shock of white hair and a happily-lived-in craggy face. She pulled up in front of him and addressed him with her dazzling smile. He beamed back at her, and the two of them were suspended in a deep and happy rapport. I knew something very special was going on. She stayed there enrapt with his face until we were called

to meet the judge. I signed the papers, and Mag and Jane and I walked out into the spring sunshine, a new family.

I can only say what is the truth for me. That is, that no matter how strange your desires and beliefs may seem to others, if they are strong enough and are life-giving and life-loving, follow them. I was tested by many well-intentioned friends and family about adopting. That which was in me was stronger than what others had to say. I am thoroughly convinced that there are patterns in this tapestry of life that are meant to be, and that we must follow the sun of our own hearts. The sword of our own truth must be by our side to cut through the ogres of doubt that the world will present.

If nothing else could convince me that I had done the right thing, an incident that occurred four years later surely would have. I had spent that particular day concerned about telling Mag about her being an adopted child. Though I had told her many times how Janey and I had prayed for her, and how Janey had asked “When is my baby sister going to be here?” over and over during the months that we waited, I had never used the formal word “adopted” with Maggie. It has such a cold sound and implies a separateness which has nothing to do with the feeling of love a parent has for a child. I remember one day when Mag was about a year old, I was pushing her in the shopping cart at the local market, reaching toward a shelf, when a woman came running up the aisle toward us saying, “Oh, is this the one you adopted?” I really was in a state of shock that someone could be so thoughtless. There had been coverage in the *Los Angeles Times* at the time of the court signing. An unmarried actress adopting a child was a news item, and there had been a picture on the front page. I had protected Maggie from a lot of press coverage, but still—people knew, and that meant that the children of those people knew, and the word would be used sometime in her school experience. She was in preschool now, at four.

Anyway, that evening when I put Maggie to bed, I read a couple of short books to her and was tucking her in and kissing her goodnight

when she said something that touched me deeply. She said, "I like you." I said, "I like you too." Then she said, "You're different from all the other mommies I've had." I stared at her and said, "What did you say?" She repeated, "You're different from all the other mommies I've had." I think you might understand what that did for me! All my concerns flew out the window as I stared at the gorgeous smiling face that confronted me above the bed covers. I melted into one of the most joyous experiences I have ever had as the two of us grinned through our tears and embraced each other in the tightest adult-child hug possible, though I knew at that moment I was not embracing a child. I was holding a beautiful soul, one who had come to share a part of this worldly existence with me. For better or worse, our lives were meant to touch, and a sterile word like "adoption" had no meaning.

Life has many treasures and miracles just for us if we will receive them. I point to the miracle of Margaret West Francis!



Love Heals

I HAVE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF MY LIFE avoiding occult groups. It has been a protective measure. I have had so many experiences that are of the occult nature—not by choice, I assure you, and I did not wish to intensify them by joining any such group. There was a time when I might have “gone off the deep end” if it had not been for that protective instinct.

Occurrences of an odd nature started in my apartment in Westwood, California, after my first divorce, when my only responsibility was my little black and white poodle, Smidgeon. Smidge was an unusual dog. He acted in a film I did called, “The Great American Pastime.” His debut came about because he happened to be with me when the producer was auditioning dogs for the film. A pet was needed for a little boy who was playing in the movie. While they were interviewing other dogs and putting them through their paces, Smidge and the boy were playing. He was an endearing sixth-month-old ball of patchwork fluff adept at leaping four feet up in the air and into your arms. He and the boy were playing this game and eventually all heads turned in their direction, and Smidge was in! I agented for him, and he

was put under the tutelage of a trainer. Tommy Ewell, my co-star, used to joke about Smidge and threaten not to perform in a scene with him. He was adorable, and he actually saved the day in one scene where a panther in a cage was supposed to growl on cue. The panther was selected to be a mascot for a Little League team, and we were working in the hot sun at a Little League ballpark, extras and all. And, the trainer could not even get the cat to mew. An expensive shooting day was being held up by a recalcitrant cat. For whatever reason, this cat preferred sleeping to acting. After endless attempts on the trainer's part, the idea struck me that Smidgeon might be able to assist. I suggested it to the director, and he was game, so I took Smidge up by the camera and we hand-signalled him to bark. He did, and the cat was utterly amazed that such a small thing could challenge him. It worked! A poodle's bark and a panther's roar were heard throughout the park, the bark to be erased from the sound track later. After the take, the audience applauded Smidge's performance, and the production moved on to the next scene.

Smidgeon was the first one to detect an entity in my apartment. He would bark and growl at something that was not there, looking intently at one particular spot. Sometimes it was a corner in the den, and other times at a place near the piano. Strangely, I would feel a tingliness at the same time, but, of course, could see nothing.

Then the windows began to unlatch themselves and pop open. Once when friends were visiting I mentioned this unusual happening, and they laughed at what they considered to be my active imagination. Right at that moment a window unlatched itself and flew open. My friends were speechless. What does one say about such things? Rather than believe one is deranged, it is easier to just explain it away as something unexplainable.

On two separate occasions the shower turned on all by itself, and a missing hairbrush turned up many months later under my mattress

when it was being turned. All of these occurrences were amusing to me and I named the unseen one “Cyril,” accepting him as my ghost-in-residence.

Things were quieter after Bob and I were married and he moved into the apartment. Smidge would see things now and then, but usually when Bob was absent.

After the divorce Pat came each day to help, and both she and I noticed that Jane was now joining Smidge in seeing things that “weren’t there.” Sometimes Jane would laugh at some invisible “something.” Other times she would just stare.

The capper was one evening when I came home from work and Pat met me at the door wearing the oddest expression. It was a summer evening, and the sun had not yet set. She exclaimed that I must go out on the terrace at once. We lived on the second floor of a duplex and had the terrace fenced in so Janey could enjoy her own private playground in safety. Pat led me out through the French doors and stood pointing to the white-tiled floor, saying defiantly, “Explain this to me, will you!” I looked, and indeed could not explain it. There, before my unbelieving eyes, was a perfect circle of red clay footprints, seemingly evidence of a barefoot, hopping dance executed by a child of around eight or so. There is no red clay in Westwood, and even more curious, no prints led to the circle and no prints led away from it. Janey was too young to question. Who could our visitor have been?

I went downstairs to lasso Milton Pascal, our neighbor, who was a fine comedy writer and dear friend. It was my hope that he would have some explanation for this manifestation. He greeted me at his door, martini in hand, and affably climbed the stairs to view my surprise. I walked him out to the terrace and showed him our find. He glanced at it and said, “How did you do it?”

I explained that I hadn’t done it, that Pat had discovered the prints when she was hanging up laundry. She had been back and forth across



the terrace that afternoon while doing some wash, and sometime between her trips the prints suddenly appeared. He looked at the prints again, then at me, and said, "There's no red clay in Westwood." I said I knew that, and what's more, it seemed silly to believe that someone would climb two stories, struggle over a redwood fence, dragging an eight-year-old behind him, slather red clay on the child's feet, tell him to dance in a circle, and then disappear during the time Pat went into the house to gather up wet laundry! Milton just looked at me, chuckled, and said, "That's a neat trick." He left—believing, I'm sure—that I had dreamed up the whole thing to disrupt his cocktail hour. The footprints slowly faded away over the next few days, and that was the end of that.

A few months later, we moved to the Brentwood house. During the ensuing years we had a number of "visits." Again, Smidge tipped us off, growling and barking at empty space. Once Pat heard a tremendous fight going on in the living room. It sounded like furniture was being hurled. Smidge raced to the living room, barking and carrying on, while Pat and a friend stayed in the family room, transfixed. She says that things finally calmed down and were quiet once more, and she and her friend went to the living room . . . nothing.

After Smidge's passing, I got a black German shepherd whom we named "Smokey." He arrived shortly after Maggie joined us. He was a dear pup, but before he was many months old he was beginning to raise the hair on his back and growl at something. Then it seemed that he was being kicked when he was asleep. He would jump up, yowling, and I felt so sorry for him. Before, the occurrences had been of a playful nature and really harmless. This was different. I began to feel uneasy. Smokey was beginning to chase things through the house. "They" seemed to come through either the kitchen door or the garage door. Sometimes he would raise his head and follow something that seemed to be floating around the ceiling.

The first Christmas that Smokey and Maggie were with us was a

very strange one. Aunt Helen was visiting from Hawaii, and on Christmas morning she got up from the rocker by the fireplace in the combined kitchen and family room to go to another room for something. Pat was at the stove, and I was sitting on the couch. Suddenly the rocker started rocking all by itself. Pat and I were froze in amazement. Smokey got to his feet and ran to the chair, his hair bristling on his shoulders as he looked upward. The rocker slowed down, and then Smokey started following the “something” all around the room, looking upward the whole time. “It” seemed to float all around and then go back to the rocker. My aunt came back into the room. The rocker was now still, but Pat and Smokey and I were all looking at it. Aunt Helen walked calmly over to the rocker and sat down. We all stared at her but said nothing. Smokey walked away and Helen started to rock. Pat went back to a pot on the stove. The subject was closed.

Later that same day, Mom came out to the living room, having changed for guests who were about to arrive. She asked me if I would please come to my bedroom for a moment. I went with her, and she pointed to a box in the middle of the room. It was a box containing a pair of slacks that I had gotten for her as a birthday present a few months before. They were to go back for a larger size, but she had lost weight and I had suggested she might want to try them on again. At any rate, she had been changing into a caftan in the bedroom when suddenly the box came hurtling out of the closet and landed at her feet. No explanation. And, curiously enough, none of the photographs we took that Christmas came out.

During the winter of 1970, I was in a play at the Ahmanson Theatre in the Los Angeles Music Center. Often when I got home after the show, I would read in bed for awhile before going to sleep. One night I was stunned to hear a banging and clattering going on in Maggie’s room. It sounded as if an ax were being taken to her furniture. I leaped out of bed and ran down the hall. The instant I touched the door knob to her

room, the noise stopped. I walked into her bedroom to utter silence. Mag was lying on her back, sound asleep. I had an eerie tingly sensation that I did not like at all. I was angry, and absolutely helpless. Whatever this thing was, it wasn't nice!

Pat swore that when Smokey was asleep, she sometimes heard a man's laugh or cry come out of the dog. I never heard it. At times, in sleep, shepherds can make strange sounds. I used to wake suddenly, startled, and think, "Oh my gosh, who is that?" and it was just Smokey snoring! But when Pat had to leave California to care for her ailing mother in Arkansas, a lady came to help, spent about a week with us, and then left, saying that the dog made extraordinary sounds and that she didn't like the garage door into the family room opening when she knew it had been closed. I tried to be nonchalant and said of course I understood, the door had a tricky latch, and that sometimes shepherds made strange sounds when they were sleeping. She said these were not dog sounds. I did not pursue the issue.

Then a nice young lady came to us. She was most cheerful, and when she spoke of Smokey making odd noises, I just said, "Yes, I know," and we left it at that. She didn't seem to mind. As I said, I never heard anything but puppy dreaming sounds—or his loud snore.

What really upset me, was the recurring episodes of banging and loud disturbance in Maggie's room. The noise would always stop as soon as I touched the door. Now Jane began to talk of pictures in her room moving and the wires on her lamps shaking.

I could not believe that this was happening to us and I wanted it to stop. I called Jess Stearn, who has written a number of books in the psychic field, and asked him to contact a medium. Soon an appointment was set up, and Jess, Dr. Alec Thompson, Glenn Ford (who is interested in such things), and Lottie Von Strahl came by one evening. Lottie went through all the rooms. After her inspection she told me she saw a woman and a couple in different parts of the house. She then

spoke with Jane and told her not to be afraid of the things that were happening in her room. We all went into the living room and Lottie went into a quietness, trying to feel out what had been happening. She kept coming up with the vision of a dark-haired woman. Dr. Thompson later told me he saw a zig-zag kind of light next to Lottie on the couch. When everyone was leaving, Lottie said that she would talk to the woman and tell her to leave us alone.

The banging and clatter persisted. When I went into Mag's room now, she would be lying there with her eyes wide open. I was getting scared and more and more angry. I called Jess again, and he called another medium, Maya Perez. Maya came to the house, she sprinkled salt water everywhere, giving blessings as she went. Maggie came into the kitchen, and Maya said, "Who is this?" I introduced her. Maya's face lit up, and she said, "This child is from Venus!"

Then she looked at Smokey and said, "That dog is devolved." I asked her what she meant, and she explained that when an individual does a heinous thing in life, he or she will be devolved into an animal for the next incarnation. I do know that some cultures do believe such things, but gentle, sweet Smokey was never a human, I am sure. However, Maya believed it and said that Smokey was grateful for the love and kindness I gave him.

She felt the presences of two different women in the home. In our conversation, I mentioned that Maggie was adopted. Her expression changed and she said, "Of course! It's a psychic storm. The child's mother wants her back and is resentful that you have her." I could not believe this either, but Maya's advice on how to handle it made beautiful sense to me, and I was sorry that I had not thought of it myself. She said, "At night, before you go to sleep, send love and blessings to the entity. Explain how much you love Maggie, and ask the being to leave you in peace." That is exactly what I did. I had no idea "who" I was speaking to, but I did send love. I did bless "it" and whatever "it" was did go

away. We were at peace once more. Smokey slept in comfort, and so did we all.

The answer was so simple that it had eluded me completely. The angrier I got, the worse the onslaught. When love was sent, the disruption melted away. Any aggravated being will resist love. It wants friction. It will either finally become peaceful when you send love or go somewhere else where it can cause disturbance. That goes for the seen or the unseen. The greatest disturbance we have had since then has been the tinkling of bells or the flutter of wings. These sounds are most welcome.

Mind and Energy

MIND AND ENERGY. That would seem to be the all of it: An unfathomable Mind and energies that we see erupt from volcanos and flash across the skies in awesome might. There is no shortage of energy in this cosmos. There does seem to be a shortage of man's ability to harness it successfully, to handle it adequately. Of course, this harnessing is relatively new to us. Our potential is great. Our intuitive faculties will have to be much more relied upon. All of the answers are not of an intellectual nature. We are born with certain attributes too soon swept under the mound of earthly knowledge. Until recently intuition was considered a feminine trait. It was usually treated as a joke; an attribute believed to be fallible.

Einstein is reported to have received the answer to the theory of relativity while napping on his couch in his office. A hand appeared and wrote it out for him. True, he had been working for a long time on the project, but it was from the inner part of him that the final work came.

Dr. Evarts Loomis, a holistic doctor at Meadowlark in Hemet, California, says that he advises his patients to instruct their Inner

Knower to give them answers in dreams. He reports that it is quite surprising when they do, though they claimed that they had never dreamed before. They had never asked before either.

Through my life, I have had many experiences with dreams and voices, starting when I was thirteen. I had been quite ill with strep throat and there were two interviews I had to go to. One was a modeling job; the other, an audition for a role on a radio soap opera called, "When a Girl Marries." I managed to drag myself through both, my voice barely more than a whisper, get back on the subway, and home to bed. That night I was awakened by a man's voice saying, "Yates will be the one." It meant nothing to me, but I mentioned it to Mom the next morning. Later on the telephone rang with the news that I was chosen to do the role of Cathy Cameron on "When a Girl Marries." The director's name was Dodie Yates. Coincidence? Then coincidence as well that the girl I was replacing had had a husky voice and my voice matched hers. I went to work the following day, and over the next few days the transition from the husky voice to my own took place.

Once I was awakened by a scratching on my pillow, and a hollow sounding male voice delivering a message. I was too frightened by the scratching on my pillow by that unseen hand to really concentrate on what was being said other than, "What is now has been before."

There was a dream which brought me great help when Jane was twelve or so. I had the feeling that she was disturbed about something, and my concern went on for a few days. Sometimes a parent does not wish to ask too often if something is wrong for fear of complicating matters more. Then one night I had this dream: I was at the entrance to a room that was all marble. A chamber without windows. The walls on the right, left, and in front of me had stone slabs jutting out, and on each slab lay a figure draped in white. The one in front of me looked vaguely familiar. As I approached it I realized that it was Jane. Just her face could be seen and she was asleep, her long blonde hair hanging

loose. I knew she was asleep and not dead. Then a voice said, "See Osiris." I determined to remember to look up Osiris in the dictionary upon awaking the next day, and I did. Osiris was the Egyptian god of the resurrection. Instantly I felt relief. I knew that Jane's consciousness would awaken from its dream and she would be released from whatever was disturbing her. As I write this, I realize that this is really what is to happen to all of mankind. Strange that my mind revealed this through the example of Osiris rather than the Christ, Christianity having been my religion in this lifetime. Once I awoke with the thought, "If only I could reach the center of the pyramid!" I feel a strong tie to Egypt though I have not as yet been there. I have met others in this spiritual search who feel the same. Once I meditated with two friends as we visualized ourselves in a pyramid. As we did this, I felt needle-like pricks to my skin, falling like a light rain. They continued for some minutes after I emerged from a deep meditative state. Deep levels of meditation produce similar brainwaves as in a sleep state. There is much to be discovered in the study of that phenomenon.

At times we seem to click into other levels when we are not asleep. Some years ago I was reading in bed and glanced up to see my legs on fire! Then I realized that all of me was covered with flames. They were blue on the outer tips and pale yellow close to my skin. They came right up through the blankets wherever I was covered. I felt nothing, no tingling or odd sensation. I was just given the sight of my aura, or energy field. I looked around the room and saw a smoke-like substance coming off the furniture much like wavelets of a mirage. Then I noticed what seemed to be shadowy figures moving on the sliding doors of the closet. I could not make out what they were doing. It was like looking at an underdeveloped movie film. It occurred to me that quite possibly there are worlds within worlds, and that we and these other invisible worlds are moving right through each other, neither of us any the wiser for the most part.

The flames stayed for quite a while. After the initial intrigue of it I went back to reading and then checked again. They were still there. I watched a while longer, resumed reading, and the next time I looked they were gone. I have not repeated the experience to this day. Because of those flames I was impressed with a new idea, at least it was new to me. I am convinced that mind and energy are the stuff of this existence, but witnessing those flames extending beyond my body was a strong indicator to me that body is in mind, and not the other way around. This might be corroborated by Kirlian photography where we see the energy outline still in the empty space where part of a leaf has been removed. Also it might explain the pain in the "phantom leg" of an amputee. If indeed our body is in our mind, then we should give quite some consideration to our thoughts.

Emma Curtis Hopkins (known as The Teacher of Teachers in New Thought) wrote in one of her books that we should deliver a sermon every day. Deliver it to the four walls. Why? Because Life hears it, we hear it, and our mind becomes it. Often I have found that when I speak at gatherings something will come through me that I don't really understand until days or weeks later. We learn as we speak. Creation takes place through our words. We are told that in the beginning was the word, and the word was with God. We are told we are made in God's image out of His word. Our words then must play on energy in a co-creative fashion. If that doesn't give us a sense of responsibility on this planet then I don't know what can.

We don't have to be marionettes manipulated by the whim of someone else. We can cut those strings and walk on our own spiritual feet. The next time we see lightning cross the heavens, we can know deep within ourselves that the source of that same energy sustains us. I believe it sustains us with greater purpose than we may imagine.

Solo Flight

THE PRESENCE HAD TAUGHT ME through a series of events that It had far greater wisdom than the world. The “Inherent Stability” experience was a forerunner, I believe, to all the unconventional experiences that followed. Our insights put us on new ground and we are not always aware at the time how deeply they will affect our future. Somehow they anchor themselves in the sea of the subconscious to steady us when storms appear on our worldly horizon.

My strength during the episode with Dad in the hospital was not from a conscious decision. I could never have intellectualized myself through that one. Pure faith motivated my unorthodox actions; a letting go of the controls. “Gemini Rising” and Maggie were strictly inner urgings with a vision of completion always foremost in my mind’s eye.

A new message was pushing itself into my consciousness, and this was that I must divorce myself from conventional male/female relationships and go it alone. This meant breaking off from the comfortable companionship that I had had for a number of years with a very dear person. We did not think similarly enough in some areas for marriage to have been considered, but a great amount of interdependence had de-

veloped so it was not an easy move to make. However, Spirit was most insistent in Its demand, and I realized there were lessons to learn that could only be accomplished on a solo flight. It really was the first time I had been alone, except for the children who will always be a part of my life experience. I had no idea then how many years were ahead of me without the male/female relationship. I might have been frightened if I had known, not believing myself capable. One of the aspects of Spirit's promptings is the fact that It has all the answers and doesn't bother you with the details. You find them out as you go along, and they always make sense when they do come together like a tapestry. This does not mean that fear or loneliness do not enter into one's experience even when knowing that Spirit holds the script. Believing in an inner guidance is quite contrary to worldly thinking and you will be questioned often by well-meaning people as well as many not so well-meaning who will try to shake your strength of purpose by asking many "practical" questions. Spiritual strength, like physical strength, comes from practice and accomplishment. Stress, pain, bumps and bruises usually accompany both.

The Energy experiences that had started so many years before seemed to be opening me up more and more to what I felt was contact with other realms. Sometimes when reading or meditating or sewing, I would feel the gentle tingling sensation that used to occur only after the high voltage spinning phenomenon. Often there would be clicking sounds around the room at these same moments.

My eyes began to see all things around me in geometric designs. I realized the whole universe was a series of circles, squares, and rectangles. Flowers, birds, trees, stones, all began to have much deeper meaning—atoms, sound, the busyness of this Creation of which we are all a part. No thing exists except by the Life current running through it, no matter how inanimate its appearance.

I was feeling these things very strongly but had no one with whom I

could share these growing shifts in my perceptions. I was reading spiritual books that helped me to affirm my own experiences, and when I worked I would often retire from the set after a take to meditate in my dressing room. Bits of poetry like "Amnesia" would write themselves. I was becoming convinced there was a higher wisdom at a certain frequency that could be reached if we cleared our channels to be receptive.

And then, The Dream came! A dream as real as any "awake" experience I had ever known.

The Bridge

I WAS IN A BARREN DESERT WILDERNESS, and Jane was with me. She was nine, tanned, slim, her long blond hair falling to her waist. She was wearing her green shorts, white tee shirt and leather sandals. The whole experience is still very vivid to me.

We were ambling along in the warm vastness when some people suddenly appeared at the side of the road. They approached us in a very agitated manner, calling out, "There is a fire coming! It is coming from all directions! You must get out of here . . . Hurry, there is not much time!" As mysteriously as they had appeared, they were gone, but I knew instinctively that their warning was the truth and that I must act quickly.

I was sure that at the end of the road we were travelling there was a huge bridge, and that once we crossed it, we would be safe and sound and reunited with our loved ones at home. I commanded Jane to start running at once.

Now I began to see smoke and flames in the distance to the right and left of us. The sky was gray and ominous and the desert sands were sending up wavelets of heat energy. Jane was out-distancing me as I urgently called after her, "Faster, faster!" I was tiring quickly, as I found

that for some reason I was gripping luggage in both my hands. A wave of fear crashed over me and tugged at my insides.

Then, miraculously, the bridge loomed solidly in sight. My confidence returned and I knew all would be right. The fire was raging across the sands by now but I could see Jane was going to make the bridge easily. I would soon be there as well, although still laden down with my burden.

Suddenly, a horrendous thing started to happen. In utter shock, I saw that the end of the bridge that was nearest us was beginning to rise into the air. I screamed for Jane to jump up and grab the edge of it. She did, and to my great relief I saw her scramble to safety and disappear from view.

The bridge was ascending faster now, and I was exhausted as I tried with all my might to reach it. I approached it, ready to leap up and grasp the edge. Then the awful truth came to me as the steel girders lifted higher in the sky. There was no way I was going to make it still carrying those suitcases I was clutching onto so tightly. I felt indescribably heavy with this dilemma. I knew it was a life and death decision. Two parts of me were thinking simultaneously. Even the act of dropping my burden would cut into the split-second of time I had left. I was frantic in my impotency.

The horror was abruptly ended by a smashing bolt of lightning crunching through my right temple. A blinding ball of light filled my skull, then melted and rushed through my eyes. I thought surely I was dead!

I lay there in my bed completely immobile, then started sobbing uncontrollably. Waves of inner realizations were flushed out with my tears as the aftermath of electric currents still whirled in my head and travelled through my body.

Some of the messages from our inner space are not gently sent. This one was fearfully received and believe me, I took heed. This was a living dream that would not show me whether or not I would grasp the

bridge to safety. For certain, it was a warning that I would have to let go of much of the baggage I had been carrying if I were to do so. I realized there was a great deal I was going to have to release before I returned to the Home of myself.

Aftermath

FOR DAYS I WAS AFFECTED BY THAT DREAM. I was convinced its message was crucial as far as the rest of my life was concerned. The Teacher Within was really at work with masterful impact. In the dream the bridge was my only way back home. What was I carrying in those suitcases that was burdening me so, and why had I been afraid to let them go?

As a working mother I was juggling the bills month to month and doing my best to give the girls all they needed for their healthy growth. I had little companionship except for those with whom I associated at of the home. I had found I was quite good at repairing things (thanks to numerous trips to the hardware store for advice), capable of figuring out some of the mysteries of plumbing and wiring and such. I sewed clothes and Halloween costumes for the children by hand. I had become fairly adept at pruning trees, washing windows and painting. My demands upon myself were heavy and there seemed to be no reward.

I was alone. As much as I loved the children, they certainly were not responsible for being my companions. It is human nature to take what

is done for you for granted, and the children didn't praise me for my efforts (Maggie was too young anyway!) It seemed I was martyring myself once more. This time the children and the house were my masters, with responsibilities and chores never ending.

There seemed a certain futility in keeping everything together. Something deep within me was not satisfied. There was an element missing. I was holding on to myself with, "I have to do this, and I have to do that." I couldn't allow myself any play time. I was compelled to make each moment count with constructive work. I literally was training myself to do two things at once, like brushing my teeth with one hand while wiping the mirror with a face towel in the other. The many roles of mother, actress, handywoman, provider and financial advisor to myself engulfed me. (I had parted with the business management group, with a bank account of nil.)

The loneliness I felt was not for a man. I had realized once and for all the emptiness of believing another to be the answer to one's inner yearnings. If ever I were to become involved again I knew it would have to be a mind-body-spirit "at-one-ment," not a mingling of partial attributes. In other words, all or nothing. Nothing was preferable to a relationship that was only partial. My responsibilities were too great a demand on my energies to leave time for the old investment in male female ego games that most of my contemporaries still seemed to be playing.

Something had to be released, yet I could not see how I could release my responsibilities which were very real and necessary to the sustaining of the children's lives and my own. I believed in the ultimate good of all and was thankful that I was able to support us. Time and again a miracle had come to me when I needed one. It was time for a new miracle. I was ready, and I prayed for help, not knowing what my answer was to be.



THE HITCHHIKER

Some months ago I was driving along Sunset Boulevard when a couple of blocks ahead of me I saw a dejected young man on the corner leaning against a tree. Everything about him was "down," but his thumb was up, indicating his need.

There was a VW bus a block or so in front of me and as it neared the hitchhiker, the driver began to wave and signal his offer of a lift. He pointed to the road up ahead where he'd make the pick-up and proceeded to pull over to the curb.

The young man remained where he stood. His thumb was still up, but he was looking steadfastly down at the ground by his feet.

The driver looked back for a second or two and made one last attempt to gain the attention of this oddly-behaving fellow by giving a toot of his horn. Still no response. As I drove past him I saw the driver shrug his shoulders and make his way back into the traffic pattern. The hitchhiker was none the wiser.

I looked through my rear view mirror at the lonely figure slumped against the tree, disappearing in the distance. Poor dear!

Moral: Need help? Heads up!

Looking Upward

WHEN ONE PRAYS, it seems most natural to look upward. I do not believe this is just because we have been told heaven is in the sky. We close our lids and where do our eyes go? Upward. Where is the Mind's Eye of creation then? We usually look upward when we are visualizing something we wish to create.

✓ “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help,” states the Psalm. “My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.” In metaphysics the “Lord” is sometimes interpreted as the “Law.” The Law of creation. We, as co-creators, image in our Mind's Eye when we pray, and what we image is what we get. We can “treat” with affirmations, but there does come a time when we seem to understand that our human judgment of our needs can be mistaken. We “treat” and “demonstrate” material things, but those material things do not bring us happiness.

Our help is not in getting “something” but by being guided on the course that is right for us in which all the people and things necessary will materialize for the beneficial growth of all. Our opinion of that which created us must be clearly defined in our consciousness before

we can feel truly comfortable in trusting the Lord, and the Lord's guidance. If we envision the Lord as an arbitrary entity with varying sets of rules for different people, who has singled us out for a rough and punishing road, then in no way we are going to say, "Thy will be done." We are going to "treat" for what we feel is the best for us; a pony, a house, lots of money, or whatever else has caught our imagination. Some of us may even believe we do not deserve good and accept frustration and failure as "the will of God." Often we judge by the world's beliefs, never giving a thought to what our Creator's principles might be. The beauty, color, sound, abundance and love that move around us seem to be invisible though they call to us from every turn. The power of Life displayed in a single blade of grass shooting up through a city sidewalk, the song of a bird on the wing, the golden rays of a sunset. The panorama of infinite wisdom and care is there for us to witness all the while we concern ourselves with keeping up with the Joneses, and more and more Joneses always appear on the scene.

If we believe the Lord of Life to be loving, giving, caring and supportive—a wondrous and miraculous Living Entity extending to the farthest reaches of endless space, in All and of All, then we cannot help but trust that Wisdom. Bit by bit, through the experience of faith we will begin to know that Inherent Stability will carry us and bring more into our lives than we could have humanly imagined. ✓

The Bridge Dream told me that I was to let go further, and I knew that "something" was soon to happen. I determined to keep my eyes up.

Family

The Bond that links your true family is not one of blood, but of respect and joy in each other's life. Rarely do members of one family grow under the same roof. —Richard Bach Illusions

UNITY, a non-denominational organization, famous for its prayer tower and TV and radio spots called “The Word,” had asked me to do a number of radio messages in the past. Now, they asked if I would go to Unity Village in Kansas City, Missouri and do some TV presentations on their magnificent grounds. I had enjoyed doing the one-minute radio spots that were designed to inspire people of all faiths, and so I agreed.

I had read a pamphlet from Unity written by Reverend J. Sig Paulson entitled “The Activity of God”; a most potent message that I have sent to many friends since. I had heard Sig speak once in Ventura, California, and was convinced then, and still am, that he is one of the very bright lights in the spiritual realm on this planet. His quiet humor and flair for whimsical poetry, along with his deeply loving and forgiving nature, make him a healing presence wherever he goes, and he has been asked to speak all over the world. At the time of which I write, I was thrilled at the prospect of meeting him personally.

Today I believe without a doubt that we are moved from place to place in a master plan of energy balance. I no longer question the whys of being sent here or there. Though a trip may be as mundane as a drive to the market, quite often one is amazed to run into someone who has a lesson to impart that is of great importance to us at that very moment. Sometimes we are the ones with the message to give. This Loving Life does give of Itself to Itself. And so, after all the lonely years of searching I was being guided to members of my spiritual family.

When I arrived at Unity Village, I asked to meet Sig, and we were formally introduced in the cafeteria. I felt a great surge of energy pass between us—the tingling energy that was so familiar to me by then. It was my first experience of that energy being transferred. I knew this meeting was most important in my life. After some exchanges in a kind of spiritual shorthand, I asked if I might prevail upon him while I was there for a private meeting. He agreed, and a time was set.

Sig picked me up at the cottage where I was staying on the grounds and we went for a long walk down by the lake. Finally we sat quietly for a while and I told him of my bridge dream; the tears flowed once more as I recounted it. He agreed that releasing whatever I had been holding onto was most imperative.

I felt for the first time a kindred one who understood the deep spiritual needs within me; someone with whom I could speak of energies, my dreams, and my need to unify with all life. I had spent years of lonely introspection, and years of knowing of a power beyond my explanation that all the words in books could not sum up, nor months on an analyst's couch fathom.

✓ When one is unified with that essence, all things fall into place, and when one is not, everyday living can be a chore. I knew I must learn how to stay with that feeling, how to woo it with my attention and dedication.

During my few days at Unity Village I was blessed to spend much time with Sig and his beloved wife Reverend Jane Paulson. I had the op-

portunity to audit some of their ministerial classes. The single most important thing I felt from them and their teaching was love. Love is forgiveness. Their presence inundated me with that fact. ✓

Sig and Janie became the strong bulwark in the new family that I was to unite with over the coming years. A new realm was opening up to me and I went back to Los Angeles with hope in my heart.

I felt a wrench leaving Sig and Janie but I knew that I was not alone any more. Love in the spirit can never be broken, for it is the highest love imaginable. It brings greater joy than any physical love could ever bring.

✓ Love is the Teacher. Now that I recognized this, I could begin to go over those things in my life that still troubled me and look at them with this new understanding.

WHO I AM

*I was alone . . . I woke up one morning, and I was alone.
I looked out across my pillow and through my bedroom
window at a eucalyptus branch all quivering and wet
and shining.
I closed my eyes and heard the steady patting of rain
on the roof.
I felt my life stirring around and through me.
I heard it singing, and I longed to stay alone there
like that always. . .
Just hearing that life.*

*For an eternity I was not matter . . . I was not child,
woman, giver or receiver. I was pure life. I was
pure power! I was unlabeled and unclassified. I was
clean and unclassified. . .
Even to myself.
Eons passed and I found I must open my eyes once more.
I must find out who I am.
And I decided to "decide" Who I Am!*

Breaking Through

WHEN I RETURNED HOME, the wonderful well-being of spiritual nourishment lingered. I reflected upon the vast power of love that emanated from Jane and Sig and how it had fed the starving self of me. LOVE.

✓ Love unjudgmental, love without demand, love quietly listening, love serving, and love being. I knew that I not only wanted to receive it, but that I wanted to give that love to others, to heal, reassure and give its warming strength.

✓ That was the answer! The suitcases had been filled with old restrictive garments that had held back love. I had to release them if my spirit were to leap to the bridge and cross over to my waiting family. Love and letting go went together. It suddenly made sense to me.

✓ Of what was I afraid of letting go, and in what areas of my life did I restrict love? I was surprised by my answer. Myself! My judgments of myself in all the roles I played each day were what I had been carrying around with me all these years. How could I not judge my performances? But whose standards was I using? As I contemplated the questions, I found I could not feel love and analyze it at the same time. What is love? A warm givingness that flows outward enveloping you

and the object of that feeling. We know we are loved when we see its glow in the eyes of another, and we respond in kind, feeling good, strong and secure in its warmth. Love is. It is always here. The block seems to be that we believe it can only exist with our positive judgments about ourselves and others. If this were so, then on the Grand Scale, wouldn't our Creator just pull the breath of life from us the first time we erred as a creation not worth "His" time sustaining? No, there's more to this life plan than who's right or wrong. Judgments have nothing to do with love. Morally, does that mean one is condoning negative acts when he does not judge them, or is he loving in spite of them? I would say the latter. "Forgive them Father, they know not what they do." That makes great sense. If one knew what harm he inflicted upon himself he would not perform an unjust act nor would he judge another's action. In truth the unjust act has come out of him because of his own judgment upon himself. Forgiveness is defined as, "to pardon without resentment." It is impossible to forgive and not forget, and it is impossible to feel love and resentment at the same time.

There is a saying, "Love thy neighbor as thyself . . . not instead of." How could I love myself when I was not perfect? Could I love a clumsy, bounding, mud-pawed puppy? Yes. Could my Creator possibly love a clumsy, judgmental being such as me? Yes. Why could I not see the beauty of myself when I could see the beauty of all the rest of creation? Two thousand years ago we were told, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." By the time each of us was old enough to hear it or read it, we had already assumed the role of the condemned.

So, it was back to Life's drawing board. If my Creator lives in me as in all things, then I must love my Creator as he exists as me. Those areas in my life where I err are where I do not yet recognize my Creator as me or as others, and still believe the lies of the world which momentarily convince me that love-denying, life-denying judgment is just. One who does not feel worthy performs unworthy acts. I could easily forgive

another for not realizing he or she was a child of God because of his or her burden of condemnation. The act of judging is a trap, for we judge out of our own concepts of ourselves. Then of course we can get into judging judgments. What a tangle! However when we love, that tangle unravels and falls to our feet. I have framed a note that Sig sent soon after my return from Kansas City. It arrived in the midst of this new round of adventure with Spirit. "In love you are free, and your real self takes over."

(right)

The Test

Love. There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer; no disease that enough love will not heal; no door that enough love will not open; no gulf that enough love will not bridge; no wall that enough love will not throw down; no sin that enough love will not redeem. It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble, how hopeless the outlook, how muddled the tangle, how great the mistake; a sufficient realization of love will dissolve it all. If only you could love enough you would be the happiest and most powerful being in the world.—Emmet Fox

LOVE WAS THE BRIDGE TO FULFILLMENT, of that I had become quite certain. I was going to have to learn to love people, *all* people. I was going to have to learn to see beyond their judgments and my own, and to get rid of any and all hurts that kept me from allowing this love feeling from expressing itself through me. }

One area in which my emotions were being misspent was my relationship with my ex-husband, Bob. We had been divorced for some

years, but pain and resentment still remained on both sides, and Jane was caught in the middle, no matter how I refrained from vocalizing my opinions of her father to her. Mind receives all thoughts and we are fooling ourselves if we believe that by not uttering them, they do not exist. Those thoughts do have life and interplay on the invisible plane to be made manifest in some sort of confrontation. I was concerned for Jane in this almost constant discontent between the two most important adults in her young life.

As a teenager, I had read with fascination Max Freedom Long's books on the Huna religion of the Hawaiians, *The Secret Science* and *The Secret Science Behind Miracles*. The Hunas believe in a higher self, a middle self, and a lower self. The higher self was approached in the time of an interpersonal problem, the individual asking in prayer that the higher self (also called "the parent spirit") speak to the higher self of the other individual and that the two, in their perfect wisdom, straighten out the problem. I decided to try this unorthodox method. Approaching the higher self temporarily took the immediate burden of loving Bob, while still feeling resentful, off of my shoulders. The higher self could do that for me. I enjoyed the feeling of two parent spirits handling the whole thing for us. Over a period of a few weeks I talked to my higher self expressing the need for that meeting to take place. It does sound like an odd remedy, except for the results. I began to find myself more patient with Bob in our phone conversations and not so quick to insist on my way. I checked my responses that might stir up old reflexive reactions of his. Then, in reverie one night, I found myself having a conversation with Bob. Both of us were most civilized and understanding of each other. I even found him to be likeable. I actually saw him as another human being who had his own problems and fears and needs.

Soon after this "meeting" our communication on the worldly plane improved incredibly. I now had a memory of our conversation in

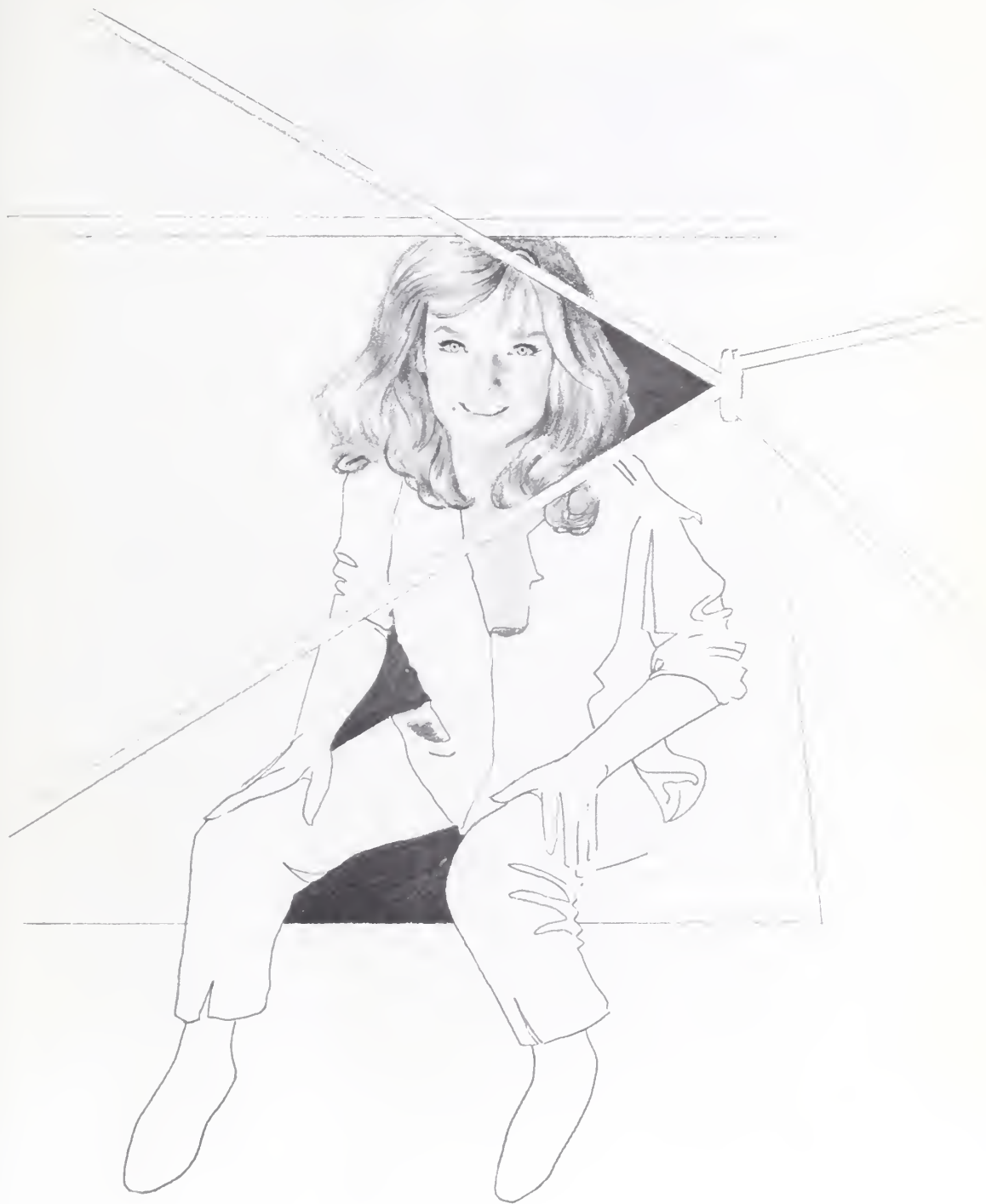
reverie which had become most real to me. Then, wonder of wonders, it came to pass. I actually began to feel a love for Bob in spite of the differences in our approach to life. I can honestly say now I love him and wish him well always. Life gave us the precious gift of Jane through our alliance. We have been blessed to be the channels of her birth and that will always be a caring tie between us.

You cannot imagine how impossible it would have been for me to feel this way if it had not been for the help of the Huna approach, yet now it is done. There are no pains, no festering wounds that might easily have brought serious physical and emotional damage to us both if that healing had not taken place.

✓ My own judgments had been the barrier between myself and that "Something" that I had yearned to know more of all through life. that Something that had lived in me as music and color, that had spun me in Its awesome power, that had healed my body and affairs those times I had called upon It in my own particular way, responding to each according to his own concept. That "Something" is LOVE. ✓

How long it sometimes takes us to learn that we cannot be with loving people until we are willing to love ourselves; to contact the highest of ourselves where peace and joy and love abide, and where all judgment is righteous. Love guides us to the answers that will untie the kinks in our human pride.

Love releases us from the law of eternal retribution. Rest in Its feeling long enough and you can sense an electric impulse on your skin. You can hear life singing in your ears. The room in which you sit will seem like a timeless vacuum of energy and light, and peace wraps around you assuring you that all that has been before, no matter what the nightmare, is as nothing. You and all around you are eternal, and you are in the competent healing hands of love. Answers no other soul on this planet can give you are in those hands to be woven into the tapestry of your special evolution.



How interesting that the Huna technique was what brought me to the healing with Bob. It is wonderful how we are prompted in whatever ways we are most responsive at the time of our need. That unorthodox approach led me to a greater understanding of Love's power. But then, haven't we been told, "It is done unto you according to your belief?"

We love and learn.

Magic Tricks

I LEARNED MY LESSON about occult magic formulae the hard way, with the “Pink Lady.” We called her that because she was usually on the brink of apoplexy whenever we saw her. Also, her house was pink. Her disposition, however, was red, and the children in the neighborhood were afraid of her because she would scream and break their toys if she found them in her driveway. She was quite frail. Her hair was always perfectly groomed, her clothes impeccable. She was most proud of her beautiful rose garden in front of her house. Justifiably so.

For some reason, the “Pink Lady” decided that our German Shepherd was defiling that garden. Why, I don’t know, for we had a high stone wall and gate that Smokey could not possibly negotiate even if he had tried. Although there were early morning dogs who did prowl the neighborhood and overturn trash cans, Smokey was singled out as the culprit who left droppings in her rose bed. Once, when a remote TV unit was stationed outside my home during an interview, she startled some of the crew by handing them a paper bag full of droppings, insisting they deliver the contents to me since, “Her dog left this in my rose garden!” On close inspection, the droppings were identified as sheep manure that her gardener had strewn around the bushes.

These shenanigans kept up for quite some time, until one day the doorbell rang and there she stood at the side gate. Actually, she was fairly hopping, pink splotches all over her face. She was accusing Smokey once more of the unforgivable, and said that she was going to put poison around her rose bushes and just wanted to give us fair warning. I was stunned. I knew her accusations were false, but I was concerned for the scamps who did come up the street at dawn. The thought that they might meet with such violence was appalling to me. I tried to reason with her. "Mrs. _____, you wouldn't want to have such a thing on your conscience." She answered that she would think no more of poisoning a dog than a snail. It was astounding to see such anger and hatred shooting forth from such a patrician-looking woman. She launched into a diatribe about young people today, the world in general, and at the very peak of her hysteria, concluded with the statement that she didn't know how she could cope with it all if it weren't for her prayer of serenity!

As I closed the gate on her retreating figure, I noticed that Janey had been standing there the whole time, taking it all in. Her eyes were wide and filled with tears. "I'm afraid," she said. "Do you think she will put poison in *our* yard and kill Smokey, Mom?" That thought hadn't occurred to me, but I had learned that the intuition of children was not to be taken lightly. A cold fury suddenly crept up my spine. I forgot my love lessons completely and determined that something must be done to combat the "evil" that had befallen us.

There is a remedy used in witchcraft that I had heard of, accepted for many centuries as protection against the evil intent of another. It is to mentally put a mirror outside your home. This keeps you and your loved ones protected, for the reflection "does in" the evil-doer by sending back his own intent upon himself. It seemed a simple enough thing to do, and I was sufficiently angry not to care about the welfare of the "Pink Lady."

That night, upon retiring, I imaged a mirror all along the wall and gates of our home, making sure to cover the garage and roof as well. Then I went to sleep feeling assured that Smokey was safe and would come to no harm. I was most self-righteous. Anyone who planned an evil act deserved the retribution of his or her own intent.

Two days later, a neighbor informed me that Mrs. _____ had been rushed to the hospital with a heart attack!

That was the end of my mirror game! Needless to say, I “took it down” immediately. Here I had lectured her about poisoning the dogs and had tried to reach her conscience when I, in fact, had been instrumental in letting her poison herself. Even if I hadn’t been responsible, the intent was there, whether you wish to call it coincidence or not. I was horrified and knew I must rectify the wrong.

✓ So I did the work I should have done in the first place. I sent the light of love, healing and protection to surround her. I visualized her infused with the light, smiling and at peace. Whenever she crossed my mind from then on, I made a point of seeing her in an illumined state.

Some weeks later she was brought home, and soon after she was taking short strolls around the neighborhood with the aid of a cane. Her demeanor was astoundingly different. She smiled and called to the children, inviting them in for cookies and Scrabble. She stopped me one day as I was getting out of my car to tell me of her belief in a protecting power. She actually was pretty! I had never been aware of that before.

A year or so later she passed on. The nurse who was her companion at the end said that she had asked her to read the Bible out loud as she went off to sleep. Suddenly she rose up, smiled beatifically, and then settled back into final repose.

The “Pink Lady” taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. I have never wished ill to another since, and never will.

The young couple who bought the house after her passing painted it white. The rose garden is still beautiful.

WHAT PURPOSE?

Perhaps there is more reason to the rose than its beauty, but I feel our Creator made it especially for us to behold in wonder. The miracle of the bud floating so magnificently before us! What a beautiful gift for our eyes to receive. What fragrance greets us on closer inspection. You may tell me that the fragrance and color are for the bees. That's alright. I'm willing to share. The nectar may fulfill the bee's purpose, but all of the rose is food for my spirit. If the Creator could envision such beauty in a flower and call it forth, what vision did He have for me to call me forth and with such ease breathe life and dreams and purpose in me? The bud of myself knows not what the flower of me is to be, but the Creator has planted the seed of my being deep within, to grow and come forth in His human garden.

I would be a rose, dear Creator. Let me be a rose.

The Network

MY MEETING WITH THE PAULSONS was the final act that led me to the conviction that I was not the sole author of my life. They invited me to Kansas City the summer following our first meeting, to attend the INTA congress that was to be held there that year. I had never heard of the International New Thought Alliance, but decided that if Jane and Sig belonged to it it must be worthwhile. I attended the week-long gathering and was delighted with the inspiration and spiritual uplift it provided. People were there from all over the world. Some of the speakers I had heard before. There were some whose books I had read, and others of whom I had never heard. All were dedicated to the belief that man is not a beast, but a being with a great potential to change his life if he governs it with insight and a respect for some basic laws. I was thrilled that so many were working to help mankind. Besides ministers, there were doctors and scientists proving the eternal verities with their combined knowledge. All were in agreement that man is being moved into a new consciousness and is ready to look at life in a new way. New Thought is truly looking at the age-old thought of the Illumined Ones with new understanding. It seems new to the one who sees it for the first time as a living, breathing reality.

I knew by now that I was a part of this movement. I have no desire to tell anyone what church to go to; I just know that the spiritual truths have life for all of us once we begin to use them. The laws of cause and effect are real. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is a very wise rule, because Life will do unto you what you do unto It. I have known the laws of cause and effect since the age of sixteen, but the big difference is when Love is added to the principles. Until then, we are just "treating" for something instead of letting Life-giving, Life-loving Spirit move through us and prod us into those dreams we are meant to fulfill. Until we begin to understand this we are not aware of how many others are in the network of Spirit for we have just been "treating" for ourselves and not for the purpose of Spirit to be allowed to move through us. The Great Awareness is ageless, and through the centuries there have been a precious few who have spoken of It to us. It seems that a quickening is taking place now. Many call this the "Age of Enlightenment," and it would seem that millions are tuning in at different levels to this awareness.

Meeting the leaders from many varying origins with Sig and Jane as my catalysts was a giant step in my own spiritual evolution. The lectures coincided with what I had come to learn during my lonely years of introspection, trial and error, trial and success. Words mean nothing. The act of faith means everything. Practice means everything. "The Father Within" is the Law, or the Lord of our being; that which rights us when we get off balance, that which knows our need before we ask, and that which says "yes" to our desire for wholeness and beauty in our lives and knows the steps to be taken toward that goal.

Truth is an invariable and many have touched Its garment to be made whole.

THE ONE

*Beware the one who says he knows
The answer to all things—
Who claims he has the only way,
Then eyes your purse's strings.*

*The wise one tells you what he knows,
But only if he feels
That Spirit's light within you glows,
That you'll not dog his heels.*

*He will not live your life for you,
He follows his own star.
He'll point the way, encourage you
To find out who you are.*

*The path of Light is narrow,
But it's wide enough for all—
And the greatest One to follow
Is the voice within you, small.*

Exploring

I BECAME INTERESTED IN EXPLORING some organizations that were on the scene. One was what would be called a mind control group, and another, a religion that was a combination of disciplines, excluding meditation, and geared primarily with handling the world. Neither was satisfactory for me but both reinforced my own inner convictions.

The mind control group deepened my awareness of the potency of imagery. However, I fell away from the meetings after one evening when some members were gathered in my home and decided to go back into previous lives. One of the members found herself in a dark place, and was terrified while another tried to lead her back out. They were playing around with things they were not equipped to handle. I put my foot down and said there would be no more meetings at my house. I had gone through the poltergeist experience before then and had no desire for any further disruptive vibrations.

Unfortunately, many people tend to get on power trips when they start realizing they have psychic abilities. In imagery they “put on another’s head” in order to determine the subject’s thoughts and feelings. This then leads them to play God as they try to rearrange another

according to their own judgments. There is a huge trap in such an action. If you believe yourself capable of having power over another individual, you will most certainly be afraid that there is someone else who has an even greater power over you! Such actions can lead to a form of modern-day Black Magic. The attempt at manipulating another human being, if successful, can only bring a lack of respect for that other person and give you a momentary but false sense of power. Not only that, you will enslave yourself by looking for someone who has more magic than you have, robbing yourself of the ultimate truth that has always been your inheritance.

The religious organization I looked into worshiped its disciplines and its leader as the only way and, as I mentioned before, did not allow meditation, a practice that had become most important for me. Though it had many interesting techniques that were helpful in worldly ways, power and manipulation seemed to be the most important goals to its adherents.

Today, as never before, there are groups professing the answers to all problems. "Get Spirit Quick!" Each may have bits of the answer, sometimes at quite a fancy worldly fee. To worship a person or a dogma is to give away your inner authority. The Truth knows you and you know It when you go into your own closet away from the world's clamor and rest in the quiet of your God-given self where the source of all resides.

I do not believe it is our business to change another human being, but rather to be about the business of dedicating ourselves to our own growth. I believe that all have the inner beauty of Spirit though some may not yet be aware of it. We can help another by realizing that fact, in spite of appearances to the contrary, and addressing him from that viewpoint. We can all be supportive and encouraging to others by our gladdening their hearts with our affirmations of faith. The work of enlightenment is an "inside job."

Not Defeat

MOM AND DAD were now living in Long Beach. Dad had been having a number of physical problems and had been in and out of the hospital for some time. One morning I was preparing to go down to visit him, and Maggie said, “When am I going to see Grandpa again?” I don’t remember what I said, because at the time it flashed through my mind that she wouldn’t. I didn’t like that feeling, but I had had the intuition to know that deep inside my father’s psyche things were moving in that direction. I could feel it when I spoke with him, and this time I could not argue—I didn’t push at him as I had before. I just knew that at the roots of his being he was tired, and I felt he really wanted to go, no matter what he might express consciously. It was a sad occasion for me, as his daughter. When I was little, my father was a hero who could make all things right, a super-being with incredible powers. His flaws I was quick to forgive, for I knew how much he loved me; and in later years, I yearned to make all things right for him, to somehow help unlock all the potential I knew was there, that he might have great success and satisfaction. After the bridge dream, I began to realize that each of us must do our own work, and our mutual support is the greatest gift we can give to each other. Loving support, not holding-up support. To be

willing to listen and let the other person hear himself. To love and release each other to our paths of growth.

His last day was a quiet one, as Mom and I kept vigil there at the hospital. He slept a great deal and became thinner and colder at a rapid rate. Twice when I went into his room he smiled at me. The first time, he said, "Hi, pretty baby—," the second, "You're a good girl—." The last time, he just opened his eyes briefly, gave a small smile, and then closed his eyes and breathed out. That was it. He just breathed out. It was so peaceful.

I signalled to a nurse that he had left, she came over, and then went out of the room. Suddenly there was a clatter behind me and men with machines pushed me briskly aside and I was told to leave the room. They were all bending over him and doing things with their machinery, and I was helpless to do anything. I went out to Mom and told her what was happening. I went toward the ladies' room to cry, in frustration for Dad's interrupted peace. He had probably experienced the beauty of the other side already. I saw them rushing him down the hall on a gurney, his strong bare arms outside of the sheet. I called out, "Don't do that!" But the elevator doors closed on the frantic activity.

In the ladies' room I cried and prayed that Dad would win and they would lose, incredible as it seems. I knew that he must be given his freedom and the right to die with dignity. I would never have told the nurse that he had passed if I had known that this was going to be done to him. The doctor had promised that there would be no heroics.

I dried my tears and went out to Mom and was told by the nurses what floor Dad was on. We went up to start the vigil all over again. The doctor arrived and I told him that what they were doing was horrendous. He agreed, but said he wanted me to go in and see Dad once more in the hope that he might rally round again.

I was led to him. I will not go into the details. I could see that Dad was furious. I knew that he had already been on the other side and wanted no part of what was happening here. I remembered my expe-

rience of the colors and the music. I also remembered how it was before I came in this time around. I thought of those incredibly beautiful beings, all gleaming and filled with light. I was sure Dad knew where he was going and that the machines' insistence to delay his departure was an intolerable aggravation to him. All I could say to him was, "I understand. . . I understand. . . it will be over soon." Then I kissed him, and left, for I knew he did not want me to see him that way.

I went back to the waiting room and excused myself from Mom to go to the chapel down the hall. I prayed quietly for Dad's release, and remembered how once I had watched a tree on a cold winter day as winds swept the red and gold lustre from its boughs, leaving only a bare grey trunk and branches glistening and wet in the December chill. A message had come to me then: "A leaf does not fall from a tree in defeat."

I left the quiet of the chapel to be greeted in the hall with the news of my father's passing. Dad had been victorious! I felt a peace easing into my heart.

A few nights later I went to bed in my aunt and uncle's home in Connecticut. Mom and Aunt Helen and I had flown Dad back to be buried in a quiet little Quaker cemetery in upstate New York. As I pulled the covers over me, the funeral over and the relatives' gentle voices still in my ears, the fragrance of lily of the valley settled around my pillow. That had been my grandmother's familiar scent. The last bit of tension left my body as I went to sleep secure in the knowledge that Dad was finally Home.

Called

I WAS IN AN ELEVATOR at the annual week-long INTA conference in Los Angeles and on my way to an evening lecture, when I encountered Margaret Stevens, minister of the Santa Anita Church of Divine Science. She was hostess for the L.A. congress, and she asked me if I would speak at the banquet to be given later that week. Trapped between floors, I gulped and said OK, even though I had no idea what I would say.

Nothing presented itself until the time came when I was called to the platform. I found myself moved to speak of something that had concerned me earlier that day. I had attended a number of talks and was aware of the many camps that existed in the movement. Each speaker, according to experience and personality, had his or her own approach to the truths. Some were fiery and rousing in their speeches, others calm and logical or soothing. I had found a delight in listening to them all, but heard judgments being passed by people who had their favorites and seemed disdainful of the messages of the others. We are all receptors, and receive according to our individual natures.

At the banquet I was moved to quote a remark Ernest Holmes had made at a lecture I had attended many years before. He had said,

“Always remember you can get sugar from a cracked sugar bowl.” That fact struck me as very important in my own development. When we look at what we consider to be flaws in another’s personality we neglect the beauty and possible wisdom they may possess in areas from which we might learn. In stressing our differences we separate ourselves and believe only a few have wisdom. Actually everyone has at least a little corner on it, if not more than we believe.

After the banquet I joined Sig and Jane. Sig threw his arms around me and with a big smile said, “Something is moving in you. I could hear it in your voice.”

A few months later, three ministers from different churches called to ask me to speak, all within one week. I had no idea why. I had not considered myself to be a speaker. Lecturing is not the least bit similar to acting.

Dr. William Parker was the first to call. He is a doctor of psychology and also a minister. He was head of the Redlands speech and hearing clinic for twenty-two years and wrote the best seller, *Prayer Can Change Your Life*. He asked me to be Mistress of Ceremonies at a seminar for scientists and ministers on a Saturday in Newport Beach. He said, “Since you’re going to be down here anyway, why don’t you deliver the Sunday sermon?” I felt utterly unprepared for such a task, but something pushed me to accept, which I did with much fear and trembling.

My dear friend Ellen Corby (Grandma Walton) and Mom went with me. Saturday’s seminar was fascinating and stimulating, and I enjoyed it immensely. I tackled Sunday when it arrived using all the actor’s calm I could draw upon. I immersed myself in the words of the hymn and the inspirational message given beforehand and prayed for Spirit to guide and use me as a channel.

I have the tape from that sermon, and I smile when I hear it now. The voice is that of a little girl. Quite probably that was the part of my

nature which responded to the call. The part that apologized to the furniture it bumped, believing in complete innocence that all things possessed the same feelings as I. Perhaps I was not far from the truth then, for all the Universe is of a feeling nature. My talk was from my heart and the congregation responded warmly. I felt great joy that many were uplifted. I do believe that when we wish to become channels for good “something” does take over. Many times since then I have not had the slightest clue what was going to come through before going to the podium. I started to learn as I spoke.

There is a great intimacy that takes place between a speaker and those who listen. I can remember when I first started listening to inspired speakers. I would see auras and visions around them. Their features even seemed to change as they spoke. That still happens to me with those for whom I have great attunement. Now people were coming up to me saying they had seen the same manifestation when I spoke. When we are drawn by Love it is not unusual to have the spirit of that Love manifest itself in many ways to many different people. It envelops us and prods us into seeing beyond words into the very depths of feeling where that which must be revealed to us makes itself known. I do not feel embarrassed or self-conscious when someone expresses a vision they may have seen as I spoke, for I know I personally had nothing to do with it. Love has worked Its miracle through us mutually.

Love can bring us great visions when we are in Its spell. I remember a few years ago when I was flying home from an incredible retreat in New Mexico. I was extremely high spiritually, when suddenly I beheld the most glorious sky scene I have ever witnessed. The clouds had formed perfect cities and bridges and islands and oceans as clear as could be. And then in the midst of the panorama I saw a circle of blue, and in the center stood a cross. As I gazed at the awesome sight, the cross slowly transformed into a figure, arms outstretched. And as a blood-red sun behind it descended, the pilot’s voice came over the inter-

com to tell us we were to witness a phenomenon that he had only heard of in his thirty years of flying: a double sunset. That crimson orb rose once more behind the figure before disappearing from the circle leaving a screen of gold behind the scene. I wept as I watched the afterglow. Behind me, a man was slapping playing cards on his seat-table practicing for Vegas. The few other people on the plane were either reading or sleeping, while outside the plane's window a miracle had taken place! I never will forget that beauty. It was because I was still so spiritually radiant from the camaraderie of the retreat that I was given the gift of that sight.

We are all called by Life to be ministers to each other; to share with and inspire each other to greater heights of vision. Where our vision is, surely we must follow.

The Secret Service

NOT LONG AFTER DAD'S PASSING I was sitting on the couch in the family room, and my mind went back to my memory of the beloved ones I had left on the "other side." I felt the ache in my heart once more, and then a new feeling overtook me. Something in my mind clicked, and I felt their presence as real as if I could see them. I realized that a part of me had never really left them and I suddenly knew I was not separated except for the physical concept with which I was now dealing on this planet. In that respect, I had left "them," but "they" had never left me. I had been alone in this separateness of flesh, the indicator of our worldly existence. The realization of Mind as the supreme reality took over. Tears of Joy poured forth as I understood that the separation was only physical, and that we are always united in mind with whatever we believe in and love. Whatever has our attention is what we are worshipping. It is easy to worship what we see "out there" in the world of matter. It is understandable. We still have to wait for a stoplight to change even though in mind we are already on the other side of the street.

I let this new understanding enter my being and gave thanks that I need never feel separated from my unseen family again. I was responsible for the choice of my worldly diversions.

I then began to think of the family that was coming into my world on this planet; those who were in the spiritual search from all walks of life, who instantaneously recognized each other as kindred beings, and whose hands reached out to each other in this recognition. There is not a full understanding of what part we are to play in each other's lives, but there is a willingness to share our love and insights with one another in support of this miracle of Life.

The fact of immortality came strongly through me. I knew that the "other side" and "this side" in actuality are one, separated merely by energy in its different forms. I came into the belief that we pass over an invisible line "to and from" (there really is only an eternal "HERE") in our cycle of growth in the spirit. In other words, I believe there are those in the flesh who are our "family" who are sharing this physical existence and also those unseen who wait for our return from this planetary journey. There are many hellos and goodbyes as we do the work set before us, and it is my belief we are all meant to be victorious in that work. This new concept made it most important for me to trust the integrity of the flow of life while in this physical state.

Once a commitment is made to the world of Spirit it is much like becoming a member of the Secret Service. A higher direction takes place if we will but let it. We must be as dedicated as those on this planet who physically commit themselves to work for their governments in secret. One who commits himself to his government will do as instructed without question and sometimes will be sent on missions to far-flung parts of the world. Those on the spiritual level will find themselves doing the same. The big difference is that no sophisticated machine can decode the spiritual mission, for even the participant has no idea what the plan is. He will be sent many places, some mundane, some exotic, never knowing what is awaiting him on this adventure until it appears in the form of another person, or a message from Life that could only be revealed to him according to his own special need. Once one discovers this miraculous timing of "coincidences" through experience, he or she



becomes in awe of the Great Mind which guides each rendezvous through complexities which baffle the human senses.

One who lives in the Spiritual Secret Service cannot be decoded, cannot be tortured into giving information, for he has none. He cannot inform on anyone, for his Guide is invisible and cannot be torn limb from limb. Life's loving nature cannot be destroyed, no matter how many dictators may hold momentary sway. Their power disintegrates as their flesh, and their riches turn to dust from whence they have come. Spirit does not stop to mock their fall, but moves on, all the armies of this planet unable to restrain It. Cults, dogmas, self-ordained authorities and moguls will not stop the wondrous beauty of Love and Light and Truth. To be in the Secret Service of Life is to believe implicitly in Its good, to acknowledge ourselves as participants in Its flow: ✓ each of us with individual gifts most necessary to Its activities wherever we may be sent. We must confidently accept our place in this Reality. We must know we are not alone at any time, and that guidance will be there. There are no worldly time tables in Spirit; a most difficult lesson for us, as novices, to learn.

Not long after these insights came to me I learned from Jane Paulson that her beloved mother, "Nana," was in the hospital and close to making her transition. Nana was in her mid-nineties, and as bright and alert as any young person who had enjoyed her company. She had accepted the fact that her time was near and said that her only concern was that she would miss her loved ones who were here. I was prompted to write a poem for Nana:

IN PARTING

*I will miss you
But there are many to whom I now go, whom I have missed
during my stay here.
There are many whom I have loved here whom once I loved
From whence I came and to where I now return.*

*Eternity is filled with many joyful hellos
And tearful goodbyes,
But we shall always meet again
For we reside in love
And we are united in that love always.*

*In love there is no separation.
We may be parted briefly from view, but in God
Who is our love, we are united.
His ways are good, so we shall surely meet again.
In truth we meet forever in our abiding love of Him.*

*I salute you, my beloved kindred spirit.
I am you, and you are me,
And none are lost in God.*

La Bergerie

IF MY DAUGHTER JANEY'S HORSE HADN'T BEEN LAME we all would have been at Pebble Beach to watch her in the cross-country event that August week end. She went up to watch the show, and Maggie and I went to Santa Barbara in the camper. And so what happened was all by accident. Or was it?

Santa Barbara had been my favorite town ever since I first laid eyes on it many years ago. There is a feeling of the Mediterranean and Hawaii mixed together. Mist on the mountains, palms along the beach and old Spanish and European architecture. Across the inlet one looks off to Santa Cruz Island where Indian artifacts dating back five thousand years are to be found. Santa Barbara ground radiates peace to me, much like the island of Kauai does. I always knew that someday I would move there. During Mag's and my trip that weekend I planned to stay at the Miramar hotel on the beach, and to visit Mignonne Barclay, a dear friend. Mignonne was staying at the home of Irma Kellog, a friend of hers.

When we stopped by Irma's Saturday morning, we found her in the midst of quite a dilemma with her chickens. Beautiful chickens they

were too—Aracana, the kind that lay colored eggs. Pink, blue, lavender and green.

At any rate, there was dissension in the chicken coop, specifically between the two roosters. Each was convinced that all the hens belonged to him, and it had become a tug-of-war. The hens were showing the brunt of the tug, and something had to be done. One of the roosters would have to be relocated. Irma called the people at the Child's Zoo and they said they would be delighted to receive one of these prize fellows to roam their grounds in retirement. The quandary was over. Maggie went down to the coop, helped Irma decide which rooster was to go, and the gardener scooped him up in a cardboard box for the journey. Irma then decided she wanted two more hens, and through friends located a doctor in Montecito who had a number of that particular breed. She took off to deliver the rooster and pick up the hens while Maggie took a swim in the pool, and Mignonne and I visited.

A couple of hours later the door flew open and in rushed Irma, filled with the story of the most incredible place where she had picked up her two new hens. "It was just like driving into a Normandy village, medieval castle, grape arbor, a well in the courtyard." She ended saying, "You'll all see it tomorrow." Mignonne is a real estate broker, and the prospect of going to see a house on her day off did not excite her in the least. She was about to say as much when Irma ended any such discussion with the announcement, "Doctor and Mrs. Kilpatrick are expecting us for tea."

The next day she gathered us up at the appointed hour and whisked us off into the hills of Montecito. I love looking at homes, and the Normandy style is one of my favorites, but I was not in the least prepared for what greeted me as we drove around the bend in the road and through the gate—first the gate house, then the courtyard with the well in the center, the rose gardens and the castle-like entrance with its spire. I was transported to the France of another era—an era that has pulled



me much as Egypt has. It all seemed a dream, but it was real—massive, solid and real.

Dr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick greeted us warmly at the door of the home they called *La Bergerie* (the sheepfold). They proceeded to give us a tour of the house and the grounds. At one point I lagged behind, for I was so moved by the feel of *La Bergerie* I stopped for a moment to collect myself. I became aware of what seemed a “gathering” around me and a message that said, “This is the place.” I felt quite giddy, not sure that all this was really happening.

By this time (August 1976), I had been participating for quite a while in seminars, or talking at gatherings of people in the scientific and spiritual fields. The meal breaks at these convenings would be brief, during which time the conversations would sizzle with information as these brilliant minds compared notes and correlated data to their mutual delight. I would sit enthralled, scarcely able to eat, with the joy of such mental stimulation.

At one of these lunches a vision had come to me. There should be a place for such people to meet for more than an hour before racing off once more to their respective assignments in life. A quiet place where they might be able to come together in a supportive fashion; where there might be a respite from universities and offices and public demands. Perhaps some of their knowledge might be pooled in such a place and then disseminated to the public.

As I caught up with the others to view the ocean and Santa Cruz Island, I turned to Mignonne and said, “You know the dream I’ve had?” She nodded. “Wouldn’t this be the perfect place?” I said. She agreed. Dr. Kilpatrick asked what I was talking about, and I told him. He said, “That gives me goose bumps. I had the same kind of vision, but it didn’t happen for me.” Then he said, “We have another dream now, and we are moving on to Oregon. This home will be for sale in about a year and a half.”

Of course things don't happen that way, do they? A lame horse, a casual trip up the coast in a camper, an aggressive rooster and an invitation to tea had turned my world upside down and I would never be the same!

I returned to Brentwood and haunting dreams each night. I would walk the halls of *La Bergerie* and wander down to stand under the double oak tree cathedral. I'd see the moonlight in the courtyard casting a shadow by the well, and then I'd stand on the balcony looking up to the mountains. I was immersed in a constant spell.

For a while I believed I was to be a catalyst to make other foundations aware of this special place. I called friends whom I thought might be interested, and took a couple up to see the grounds. Dr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick remained hospitable throughout. The dreams continued, and then one night I sat bolt upright with a message that said, "You do it." A flame of fearful excitement shot through me as I started to answer, "But how?" Just as quickly I heard, "Never mind how. Just do it!"

I was not a wealthy lady. For three years I had been handling many roles without help at my home and had managed to keep all together in the Brentwood location. I doubt that I had even a thousand dollars in savings. However, the message was so strong that irrational confidence took over and I boldly called Mignonne the next morning to inform her that I was committing myself to the property. I think she believed me to be mad, but she relayed the message to the Kilpatrick's and we arranged to discuss and prepare agreements the following March of 1977. This was now November, 1976.

I realized the first thing I was going to have to do was build a cash reserve. Spirit may instruct us, but we have to participate in the action.]
Though I had been asked on numerous occasions to go out of town to do supper theatre, I had declined, not wanting to leave the children for the period of six weeks or more that would be required. Now I called my

agent and asked for such an assignment after the holidays. In short order I was set to leave the end of January to do “Cactus Flower” in Norfolk, Virginia. The children knew what I was working for and accepted my departure as one of the steps.

That was the winter of the “energy shortage,” and I went to the East Coast with pictures of the children and *La Bergerie* tucked in with my long johns and a borrowed electric blanket. At night I played to wonderful audiences and during the day I started writing and made new friends as well as meeting lovely people from the Edgar Cayce center at nearby Virginia Beach.

Miracle after miracle started to happen upon my return to Los Angeles and the signing of the agreement. Real estate values started to soar in California raising the value of my Brentwood home. I secured new agency representation, and work started to come in large blocks. Two investments that seemed doomed to dormancy suddenly yielded profits after many years. My joy was completed the day before Christmas Eve with a phone call from a gentleman whom I had met briefly that summer through Dr. Carmelita Trowbridge. He said he had been told three times that week in meditation to donate a large sum to the foundation which I was establishing. My cup was running over. Our last Christmas in Brentwood was a joyous one, shared with many friends offering their blessings and best wishes. As I packed the decorations away the following January I did so with extra-special care. They were the first things to be prepared for the move the following June. I was already “seeing” them on the tree and in the *La Bergerie* halls. We were now in a six month Escrow.

June 26th, 1978 rushed upon us in one big swoop. Mom had been moved into the gate house the week before. Pat reappeared in our lives and drove the children up the day before, along with our cat Josephine, the only member of the family not at all pleased with the move. I preceded the moving men, my car laden down with precious belongings

and a friend following with more of the same. As I drove through the gate, tears touched my cheeks as the children leaped up and down and ran to greet me. Maggie tripped and skinned her knee on a courtyard stone, her tears joining mine as we all embraced by the well. We were home at last!

Higher Education

A LESSON IN RELATIVITY came out of the blue one afternoon when I was in flight on a 747. The plane and my spirits were airborne, and I had settled back to enjoy the panorama. I was enjoying a stereo concert as I swam in the healing blue of the heavens. Indulgently afloat in timelessness, I was abruptly jarred from my reverie by an impossible spectacle a mile off our wing tip. A single-engine craft was flying backwards!

I snapped to attention and turned to watch this phenomenon for a brief period of bewilderment before common sense took over. Because the small craft was flying at lesser air speed, it only seemed to be going backwards. My senses had been completely fooled by the illusion.

I am ever grateful to that little plane for the lesson it taught me. While progress may be deceptive, we are all moving on a forward course. A judgment can be quicker than the eye.

There are those times that we lay ourselves on the line knowing that we are being led into right action. Others will question us and we do not always have the answers, and there are times we also wonder where we are going.

The Higher Education demands patience and teaches us at the right pace. Its time schedule is far different from ours. Often, much as an athlete, we will grab the ball and say, "I've got it. I'll take it from here," only to run right smack into a wall. Our first reaction is to say, "Why did you give me the ball in the first place?" We are not led on just to be knocked down. Above all, we must learn that we cannot lean on our own understanding.

Few of us remember the first time we received a cut and reacted in horror to the blood pouring forth. I have witnessed it with my own children. That first experience is devastating to the little one. It is not unusual for hysteria to accompany the incident. Generally there is an adult or an older child present to soothe and reassure the neophyte. Healing is explained to him, and the process is watched in wonderment as over the following days band-aids are administered and replaced. Something mysterious is going on under those band-aids. A healing is taking place! For some time after the first big scare the minutest scratch must be attended to with the laying on of a band-aid. it is not unusual to see a two-year-old with half a dozen on him at one time, so great is his faith. He has found the answer to cuts and bruises, and sure enough, the healing does take place. In time he understands that the healing comes from within him, and as he grows older, he starts picking his scabs, watching with fascination as his blood flows forth and coagulates once more. He has learned to accept that an innate intelligence within his body rushes to his aid and heals him without his even having to call it into action. By now he has become quite blase about this process. But not for long. New impressive names are given to exotic physical maladies, and he starts yelling once more. This time for the Big Band-Aid in the sky!

In all things, physical and spiritual, our healing will always come from within. The Love of our Creator is greater than anything of which we are humanly aware. It is impossible to judge the ways in which it will be made manifest.

There have been many meetings here at *La Bergerie*. It has served as a catalyst for many, and a number of fine TV tapes have been completed of which I am most proud. It is my belief that when man's opinion of himself improves, his environment will improve as well, and it is to that end that *La Bergerie* Inner Space was created. All that this will entail in the years to come, I do not know, but I am reminded of an incident with Maggie when she was five. She had just started in the first grade.

I was sewing in the family room and she was getting a snack from the refrigerator. Pouring herself a glass of milk she said, "I love Janey, and Mom and Grandma and Grandpa and Pat and Matthew (her boyfriend!) and Stephanie (her best girlfriend)." Then, taking a gulp of milk, she said, "And I love myself." I said, "Maggie, you don't know how happy I am to hear you say that."

As she put the milk carton back into the refrigerator she said, "Do you want to know why I love myself?" I said I did. "Because," she replied, "I am going to school, and I'm learning."

There was a time when I questioned why I was here. I wondered whether perhaps it might be a punishment. Now I believe it is a great honor, for the work on this planet is much like a crash course in learning.

The real learning has never, and will never, come from without. How many times we have to fall and skin our knees before that lesson hits home, I do not know. I do know that the day will come when we accept that that Loving Wisdom, like the blood that flows through our veins, will rush forth to heal, and we will trust It consistently in all things.

The fact that we are learning is reason enough to love ourselves.



AWAKE

*Life's Beingness enfolds you now.
Its wisdom does not sleep.
Light stirs behind your furrowed brow
Its promises to keep.*

*But know that Love within you dwells
And listen for Its sake
To words It will impart to you
And do Its work Awake!*

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